

Saturday Review

No. 3494. Vol. 134.

14 October 1922

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER.]

6d

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 529

LEADING ARTICLES:
The Will of the English People 531
The Lion-Struffed ... 532

MIDDLE ARTICLES:
Shakespeare Problems. By
Charlotte Stoppes ... 533
The Soul of a Pianist. By E.
A. Baughan ... 534
Praise of Two Novels. By
Filion Young ... 535
Marie Lloyd. By James Agate 536

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. XVI:
Mr. Joseph Conrad ... 537

THE TURF ... 538

A WOMAN'S CAUSERIE:
Charming Young Women and
Delightful Young Men ... 538

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:
Grabbing the War Museum ... 539
Concentrate on the Empire ... 539
The Breeding of Bloodstock ... 539
Mr. Lloyd George ... 540
The Films and Melodrama ... 540
The Art of Translation ... 540
The Right to Die ... 540
The Football Association ... 540
'Irish' ... 541
H.M. Coastguard ... 541
George Macdonald ... 541

VERSE:
We shall Lay Down our
Limbs in Grass. By Louis
Golding ... 541

SATURDAY STORIES. XVI:
Alas, Poor Bollington! By
A. E. Coppard ... 542

AUTUMN BOOKS:
Mr. Buchan Completes His
Task ... 544
A Novelist as Philosopher ... 546
Mesopotamia ... 546
The Fashion of Fiji ... 548
George Gissing ... 550
Criminals and Prisons ... 550
Sir Landon Ronald ... 552
Goya's Portraits ... 552
Richmond Memories ... 552

NEW FICTION. By Gerald
Gould:
The Optimist ... 554
Follow My Leader ... 554
Peradventure ... 554

NOVELS FOR THE TRAIN 556

AUTHORS AND PUBLISHERS:
A Miscellany ... 558

COMPETITIONS:
Acrostics ... 560
Auction Bridge ... 560
Chess ... 562
An Inscription ... 562

BOOKS RECEIVED ... 564

THE WORLD OF MONEY.
Paying America Forthwith. By
Hartley Withers ... 566

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Contributions are not invited, but will be considered provided a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for their return if unsuitable. They should be typewritten.

Notes of the Week

WE have come to the end of a week which will probably be regarded as, politically speaking, the most critical in the present year. What- ever be the outcome of the forthcoming conference, the agreement at Mudania, following on the firmness with which the Government made known its determination to keep its hold on the Straits, has safeguarded British dignity and interests without involving us in a new war. The home political crisis which has followed is less a consequence of public criticism regarding the Government's Near East policy than the culmination of the steadily-growing distrust of the whole methods of the Coalition at home and abroad. Whether the next two or three days find us faced with a dissolution or with a change of Government, they must in their consequences mean a change in national policy both internally and abroad.

THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

We deal with some elements of the political situation in a leading article. At the moment of writing it appears that the leading Unionist members of the Cabinet have repeated their action of last spring and have given Mr. Lloyd George assurances of their continued confidence and support. It is therefore assumed by the "experts" that the Prime Minister will force an early general election and endeavour to secure by a united front a renewed vote of confidence from the country. It is feared by some Conservatives that this will split the Conservative Party. For ourselves, we doubt whether the present leaders of Conservatism, and even possibly the Party machine itself, are more than nominally representative of the mass of Conservatives in the country.

THE SETTLEMENT

The Mudania Agreement, a military not less than a political document, which was signed on Wednesday by the Allies, headed by Sir Charles Harington, and Izmet Pasha, provided for what really was of fundamental importance from the British point of view—the evacuation by the Kemalists of the violated Neutral Zones to a line determined in common. To-day (Saturday) the Turks have to withdraw in the Chanak Zone to a line about ten miles to the east of the Dardanelles, and in the Ismid Zone to a line about twenty-five miles to the east of the Bosphorus. It is this settlement that removes the menace of war. With respect to Thrace, the Greek refusal to sign the agreement may complicate the situation, as the objection taken by Greece relates to territory on the west side of the Maritza—Karagatch and other places—that was definitely ceded to her by the Treaty of Neuilly (with Bulgaria), which was duly ratified, and not by the Treaty of Sèvres. This and other matters, however, can be adjusted at the Peace Conference, which we trust will be held almost at once, though it would be better if it were held not on Turkish soil—if it were held in Turkey it would imply a yielding to Kemalist chauvinism that is quite unnecessary.

OURSELVES AND FRANCE

Now that agreement in the Near East has been reached the next and imperative duty of the British Government—whether the present or its successor—will be to conduct a careful and candid examination of our relations with France. Ministers will have to survey the whole field of our common commitments under the Treaties of peace, to inquire at what points British interests in Europe or the Near, Middle, or Far East are in contact with those of France, and then to lay down and to observe a policy which will, in agreement, let us hope, with the French Government, and what is even more important, the French Foreign Office, prevent a continuance of these constant bickerings, minor crises, and recurrent reconciliations which make up the history of the two countries since November, 1918.

The old Entente Cordiale owed its success in great measure to the fact that it did not presuppose a common point of view on more than one or two of the issues in which the interests of both countries were involved, and because it did not necessarily presuppose common action at all. It seems desirable to return to some similar limitation of the area in which the two countries can and ought to act together, and to admit quite frankly that outside this area we are each of us free to go our own way. We ought, for instance, to recognize openly as a political fact the differences between the two countries in regard to reparations; we ought to make it clear to France that we can and will pay our debts whatever the French view about remission of debts may be; and that if France wishes to pursue a policy towards Germany which we believe to mean delaying the economic reconstruction of Europe, at any rate we will be no party to it. The cordiality of our relations with France in those regions where we can co-operate will be all the stronger when this admission is made by both countries.

MISERABLE IRELAND

We regret still to be unable to subscribe to the view that in the last few weeks the situation in Ireland has changed sensibly for the better. Melancholy though it be, we can see no evidence either that the Free State Government is making good its now weeks-old threat to deal drastically with the Irregulars in arms, or that, in fact, it has the means to do so. Hardly a fraction of the murders and outrages which take place are ever made known in this country, or indeed in the Press of Ireland itself. But that these things still go on, every witness who comes over from that unhappy country attests. Only the other day an outrage as bad as any that we have heard of took place on the outskirts of Dublin itself, when three boys between the ages of 16 and 18 were found riddled with bullets in a disused quarry, while there is no evidence at all that the criminals will be detected, or that if they are detected they will be punished.

There is, in fact, a growing conviction of the incompetence of the members of the Provisional Government. We commend to the attention of our readers the letter of an Irishman which was published two days ago in the *Daily Mail*, a paper now more accessible to the truth about Irish conditions than perhaps it used to be. According to him, "the people are unorganized and apathetic, the 'bosses' do what they like, appoint only their own friends to jobs for which they are utterly unfitted, and the Press dare not voice a public opinion of which the 'bosses' disapprove." In the meantime, the famine is increasing in the remoter districts, and as much as 5s. is being paid for a loaf of bread.

A CASE FOR INQUIRY

On Thursday the papers published the text of the treaty between the British Government and the Government of Iraq, otherwise Mesopotamia. This treaty definitely recognizes Feisal as "Constitutional King of Iraq," and provides for an alliance between Britain and Iraq. To those who know the truth of the political situation in Mesopotamia it is simply farcical to talk of Feisal as a Constitutional king. Mr. Churchill placed him on the throne, and he is kept on it by British bayonets alone. A very recent affair, in which Sir Percy Cox, the British High Commissioner, had to take the most drastic action, showed the untrustworthy character of this Arab prince. Of course the treaty is provisional, as it must be ratified by Parliament before it can come into force. It ought to be submitted to the most searching inquiry, and it will be very unfortunate for the peace of the Middle East if our domestic political preoccupations should prevent this from being done.

THE FRUITS OF PROHIBITION

Though it appears to be settled at Washington that the aggressive "Prohibition Navy" is to confine its activities to the three-mile limit, international relations have been complicated afresh by President Harding, following on a ruling of the U.S. Attorney General. He has given instructions to the competent authorities to take measures to prevent any liquor from coming inside the three-mile limit on board ships, whether American or foreign. This means that the practice hitherto followed of regarding supplies of liquor on vessels as bonded stores and of putting them under seal while in American waters no longer satisfies American prohibition legislation. Such an unexampled extension of jurisdiction within the three-mile limit will of course be challenged by the nations concerned, and France has already taken action in the matter. Meanwhile a test case is to be submitted to the American Supreme Court, and this will involve one or perhaps two years' delay in

reaching a decision—and during that time many things may happen. If in the upshot the Supreme Court should uphold the ruling, Canada's fine ports—Montreal, Halifax and St. John on the east and Vancouver on the West—would undoubtedly gain enormously. As it is, many Americans, particularly from the Middle West, now go home from Europe via Canada.

DEVOLUTION IN AUSTRALIA

Part of the problem in Australia, as in Canada, is the marked tendency of considerable numbers who had settled on the land to drift into the cities and large towns and remain there. The result is that relatively the population of the urban districts is much greater than that of the country districts, and the question is how this disproportion is to be remedied. In Australia a movement is gaining ground which seeks a solution in the subdivision of the existing States, which, it is asserted, are much too big for effective administration and development, the cities in which the Governments are centred scoring at the expense of the country districts, far distant in many cases from these centres. What is being aimed at may be better understood from a proposal regarding New South Wales, which at present is of course dominated by Sydney. The idea is to divide the State into three States: one in the centre, with Sydney as its capital; with a second north, and a third south, of this area. The two new States would have their own Governments, who would concern themselves entirely with their respective territory. It looks a good scheme, but as it involves a revision of the Constitution and challenges certain vested interests, it may take a long time in reaching fulfilment.

THE SOVIET EXTREMISTS AGAIN

When we congratulated Mr. Leslie Urquhart, of the Russian-Asiatic Consolidated, on the success of his negotiations with M. Krassin about a month ago, we noted he was reported as saying there was "no politics in the deal," and we ventured the remark that it would not be surprising if some day politics should be found to have something to do with it. Still, we scarcely anticipated that we would be proved to be right quite so soon. Moscow has not only not ratified the agreement made with Krassin, but has justified the refusal on the distinctly political ground of the "opposition of Britain to the acknowledgment of Russia's equality in the Near East." It is nothing to the point, so far as the Soviet Government is concerned, that there is no connexion between the Consolidated's property and British policy in the Near East; that Government sees a chance, by turning down the agreement, of exercising political pressure on Britain, and takes it, though by doing so she loses an excellent opportunity of demonstrating that she wants to do business in a business-like way with the outside world. Apart from this, the significant thing is that the Soviet action shows the extremists are again in command, and that the moderate policy of Lenin with which Krassin is associated has also been turned down.

RUMOURS ABOUT SYRIA

What is the truth about Syria? There are some curious rumours current which go so far as to suggest a French withdrawal from that country owing to Kemalist pressure, though France holds it under a Mandate, just as Britain holds Palestine and Mesopotamia. In his speech at Vaucouleurs last Sunday M. Poincaré said that France desired to exercise the Mandate for the benefit of the Syrian and Lebanese peoples, while at the same time watching over French interests. This does not seem to indicate a withdrawal. On the other hand, it is the fact that ever since the French retired from Cilicia, in consonance

with the Angora Agreement, they have had to face a customs barrier between Cilicia and Syria imposed by the Kemalists which has had the effect of destroying the trade of all North Syria. Not only is this the case, but France's strategic position there is bad—and she has recalled most of her troops to Europe. Besides, she is losing money in Syria. Hence probably the rumours to which we have alluded. For Britain the point, of course, is that a French withdrawal from Syria would mean the occupation of that region by the Turks and consequently the uncovering of North Palestine.

WILL AND LAW IN ITALY

From time to time we have commented on the rivalries of the Fascisti and the Communists, and the increasing powerlessness of the forces of law and order and of the Italian Government to deal with these factions. The political situation in Italy has now reached a critical and even dangerous stage in which "anything may happen." The Fascisti have triumphed over the Communists, who about two years ago formed a strong and well-disciplined organization which more than held its own, but has since split up into various sections, the more moderate of whom have dissociated themselves from the party altogether. Communism has ceased, temporarily at any rate, to be a great force, whereas Fascismo now dominates the country, and the Government is impotent before it, the Facta Ministry holding office merely on sufferance. Mussolini, the Fascisti leader, demands a general election immediately, on pain of a revolution. His "Black Shirts" are everywhere, and apparently his will overrides the law. However much the Fascisti are to be preferred to the Communists, it is a bad thing for Italy that this state of things, so inimical to her Constitution, should persist for any length of time.

A STRONGER GERMANY

With the relaxation of the Near East crisis, attention in Britain is concentrated on the political situation at home, but it will not do to leave Germany entirely out of the general picture, for the reparations question is still with us. The Reichstag reopens on Tuesday, and it is this question that must mainly occupy its attention. During the last few weeks German politics have undergone a notable change. Dr. Wirth's coalition, the strength of which was the Majority Socialist Party, has been much reinforced by the inclusion of the Independent Socialists, and if the German People's or Industrialist Party joins it, which is now said to be probable, the German Government will have the support of practically all the political parties of the Reich, except those of the Extreme Right and Extreme Left. Hitherto Dr. Wirth has had to struggle along as best he could with inadequate backing, but now he will be in a strong position, and as a result there may be some interesting and perhaps unexpected developments.

COMMANDER SEYMOUR

Commander Ralph Seymour, who was killed at Brighton last week, was Lord Beatty's chief signal officer and executive right-hand throughout the whole of the war, and he was the recipient of one of his great chief's rare and brief tributes of praise. Only those who lived with Ralph Seymour through the long monotonous months and years of the war, or who stood with him through immortal days and nights on the signal bridge of the *Lion* and *Queen Elisabeth*, can know how cool and gallant, how able and resourceful, how solid and trustworthy and loyal a shipmate he was. Although he came safely through the dangers of actual war, they took their toll of him in the end. His spirit, no less than that of his comrades, the humblest as well as the highest, who fell in the heat of battle, will live as long as the white ensign flies.

THE WILL OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE

CABINETS have been brought to a point of crisis by all kinds of influences. There have been internal differences in policy, or the pressure of personal ambitions, or the hostility of the Sovereign, or the mere feeling that the pulse of government has slackened and that some fresh stimulus must be injected to carry it on. But experience has proved that the most dangerous of all the elements which may bring about a crisis is the sudden emergence of popular will. Popular will differs from public opinion in that while public opinion is commonly what is said by the daily Press, popular will is what we make the Press say for us. In the course of the last few weeks it has been clear that a movement has begun against the present Government, comparable to that which culminated in Mr. Balfour's resignation in 1905, and that this movement includes (and is in reality much larger than) any of the manifestations of public opinion through the newspapers on particular questions, though these may be as important as reparations, our relations with France, the wastage of public money, overtaxation or the Near East crisis. The Coalition in fact is being shaken, not by a push on the shoulder, which is what a Government gets from the Press, but by a perceptible, if so far not violent, tremor of the ground on which it stands. It is taken for granted by the politicians who are experts in these matters, that the forthcoming meeting of the Conservative Party organizations is going to declare itself in favour of separate action on the part of the Conservative ministers in the Coalition. If they are right, and we believe that they are, this means a pressure upwards not merely from the political caucuses on all the ministers who depend for their support on the party machine, but also a pressure on the machine itself by that mysterious and from time to time insurgent reality which only takes a close interest in politics once or twice in a generation, but which is, quite unconsciously, the will of the English people.

We believe that will to be in the main conservative in its direction. We do not think it too paradoxical to say that the impulse which drove Mr. Balfour out of office and produced the absurdly large majority of Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman in the Parliament of 1906 was mainly conservative in its character. Demonstrably, masses of voters ordinarily ticketed as Conservatives by election agents, must have voted for the Liberal candidates, and in any case the policy of the then Liberal Government was stated so generally, with its insistence on free trade, on the creation of an efficient army, on the rights of white labour, and on other normal British interests, as to be one for which any conscientiously-minded person might vote. How quickly the electors who brought about this result were either wholly or partially disillusioned we know. At any rate, what happened then is happening now, and we appear to be in presence of a stirring of Conservative under-current in the country which is strong enough to have prevented Sir Robert Horne going to America, interfered with the movements of even so important an under-secretary as Mr. Amery, and sent Mr. Lloyd George to Manchester on an errand the exact purpose of which will only be disclosed when he gets there, but which has to do with the fate of his Government.

The mechanism of the situation is simple enough. The Conservative organization in session at Liverpool is apparently going to declare against further participation in a Coalition. As this meeting is not going to take place till the middle of next month, the first word lies with ministers, and both Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the Prime Minister himself will no doubt show their hands in the present week. It would be foolish to attempt to predict what either of them will say or do, but it may be observed that the Prime Minister is in a different position from his predecessors in a similar situation. Whereas Mr. Balfour, in 1905, left office

gracefully and a little languidly, and Mr. Asquith in 1916 with hardly more than a word of protest, Mr. Lloyd George is combative and very capable of showing fight. Already, we may be sure, that manipulation of the inner side of politics which the Prime Minister learnt from a study of the methods of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain—not omitting to better himself in the instruction—is in full action. Taper and Tadpole, their old futilities galvanized into a new efficiency, are at work, and even now we hear of fresh compacts of loyalty from Coalition Conservatives, who feel that if it comes to a fight, one's capabilities may be more profitably employed on the staff, than in going back to the battalions which might, after all, be tempted to make it a soldier's battle and claim the victory as their own and its consequences to be under their control.

The immediate situation is not therefore so clear as it has been sometimes in the past. Personally, Mr. Lloyd George's choice lies between two courses. One is to resign, taking Manchester as the occasion on which to explain his reasons. This would leave it to his Conservative colleagues to form a Government, either with or without such Liberals as would consent to stay, and then to go as soon as may be to the country. The second choice is for Mr. Lloyd George himself to advise the King to dissolve Parliament, to take the Ministry with him to the country as intact as he can, and by doing so to force upon his colleagues the responsibility of sharing in the defence of a policy which has aroused distrust and discontent. If he resigns, it is hardly possible that a Government headed by one of his present colleagues could exist for more than a few weeks. Even if the Liberal element were to be entirely removed, its leading Conservative members, from whom the new Premier would be chosen, would still have to endure the criticism and possibly the condemnation of this awakened mass of opinion which will make itself felt partially at the Liverpool meeting in November and will certainly exercise its full effect at a general election. If, on the other hand, he decides to dissolve, the situation will be clearer. Each constituency will have to exact from its own candidates a statement of the policy the electors wish the new Parliament to pursue. When that Parliament meets, therefore, it will itself be able to decide whether Mr. Lloyd George stays in office or Mr. Austen Chamberlain takes his place, or whether new leaders emerge with a mandate from the freshly-elected House to carry out those changes in our national policy at home and abroad which we believe the country as a whole now definitely desires.

We are not ourselves in the SATURDAY REVIEW concerned so much with the Conservative Party as with conservatism as a principle held by thousands of people who never take the trouble to attend the meetings of a local association or barely even to record their vote. Every Reform Act changes to a certain extent the complexion of the electorate, and it is quite possible that the woman's vote, with its more immediate sense of the pressure of the cost of living, of the personal issues involved in renewed warfare, and of a desire for security rather than adventure, may have a dominant effect when an election takes place. But whether it turns out so or not it is at any rate true that the conservative instinct in this country, which lies in its ordinary domestic unit of whatever class, has made up its mind that the Coalition has failed to provide that unit with the kind of policy it needs for its own reconstruction. It needs strict public economy, lower taxation, the encouragement of private, as against state, enterprise, a careful labour policy protecting the political and industrial freedom of working people from whichever direction they are attacked, and a foreign policy which will firmly maintain British interests without involving us either in bickerings with our Allies or adventures elsewhere. When a Parliament has been elected composed of members chosen to observe these principles there will be no difficulty in finding a Government to carry them out.

THE LION—STUFFED

ON October 6, too late for any comment from us last week, an official *communiqué* was issued by the Admiralty by way of reply to the proposal made by the SATURDAY REVIEW that H.M.S. *Lion*, instead of being immediately broken up, should be preserved as an historical memorial of the part played by the British Navy in the Great War. We must be pardoned by our friends at the Admiralty for saying that a more transparently ridiculous reason than that which officialism has here put forward as disabling the Government *in limine* from supporting our proposal cannot well be imagined. Before dealing with it, however, a secondary objection can be dismissed more briefly. The *communiqué* concludes rather lamely by demurring to the annual cost of maintaining a ship of the type of the *Lion* in such a state of preservation as would meet the desired purpose. On that point, as some of our correspondents have already suggested, it would surely be possible to relieve the Admiralty's mind, if the desirability of keeping the *Lion* in physical existence at all, on account of its historical interest to future generations, were once admitted. Where there's a will there's a way; and while there is still room for consideration of the mechanical and chemical means of "preserving" a steel ship for exhibition purposes, and also the precise cost of its upkeep, we should certainly hope that the anxieties of Admiralty finance might not be increased by the annual appearance of this modest item on the naval estimates. The money can be obtained somehow. What we criticize now is the substantial contention advanced in the Admiralty *communiqué* that this country has pledged itself to wipe the *Lion* out of existence altogether. The Washington Treaty has specifically named the *Lion* as one of the "capital ships" which must be scrapped by Great Britain within a few months of ratification; and "this fact alone," says the Admiralty, "precludes the preservation of H.M.S. *Lion* as a national memorial."

The answer is surely quite obvious. We are bound to pay the Admiralty the courtesy of taking its contention seriously, but it is difficult to restrain the inclination to expose its utter absurdity by a resort to humour rather than argument. What on earth had the Washington Conference or the Washington Treaty got to do with any such proposal as this? It was the *live Lion* that we agreed to scrap, not a *stuffed Lion*! Nobody has suggested that we should keep the *Lion*, in order to commemorate the part it played in the Great War, among the capital ships which are to remain the bulwark of our defences. If the *Lion* is preserved as a national memorial, it will be on the same sort of footing as the *Victory*, our old permissible relic of Nelson's great days, and it will be "scrapped" for fighting purposes just as effectually by being kept on exhibition in its toothless old age, under conditions appropriate to a venerable relic, as by being broken up and sold for the value of the metal of which it is constructed. We lay no stress on the fact that the Washington Treaty has not been ratified, for it seems to us absolutely irrelevant whether it has or has not. This is not a question of our obligations under the Washington Treaty at all, and the attempt to bring them into the discussion is pure sophistry which does little credit to anybody responsible for it. All that the Admiralty has to do to fulfil its engagement under the Washington Treaty, is to see that, while the *Lion* is "scrapped" for ever as a battle-cruiser that can do service on the roll of the effective British Navy, enough of the form and substance of Beatty's flagship is left to keep for us and our children a visible and tangible relic of the Great War—the abiding symbol of all that was then our "sure shield," so that in days to come hearts may still be moved to thrill by contact with the very site and environment of the memories associated with its history. To do this cannot really be a particularly difficult piece of adaptation. To talk about it as involving an evasion of the Washington Agreement is to insult the intelligence of our co-signatories.

SHAKESPEARE PROBLEMS

BY CHARLOTTE STOPES

PROFESSOR SHÜCKLING'S latest book* is a notable one. It challenges all dramatic critics, past, present, and to come, in regard to their methods of judging Shakespeare. He believes that he has discovered a literary *Novum Organon*, which yields better results than others, and he shows reasons for his opinions. There are comparatively few writers with whom he agrees. He tilts, lance in rest, against a whole series of opponents, and metaphorically sends a number of them rolling in the dust. Perhaps he batters the shield of Professor Brandes more than the others. His agility is only equalled by the force of his charge. His Table of Contents provides him with successive remounts, when, at the first sign of exhaustion, he turns his jaded horse adrift, and starts again on a fresh charger.

After his critical Introduction on 'The Influence of Contemporary Conditions upon Shakespeare's Plays,' he plunges into a series of half a dozen chapters on his characters, treating (1) direct self-explanation; (2) the reflection of the characters in the minds of other persons; (3) character and expression; (4) character and action; (5) motives for action; (6) the question of symbolical character. The Introduction dwells on the habit of collaboration in Shakespeare's time, and the lack of individualism among the playwrights. Plagiarism ran riot, because it was not blamed. The rivalry among theatres made the owners watch the career of each new piece. If successful they wanted to have a play made for them on similar lines, and gave out sections of it to different pens. Authorship was swamped in ownership. But the dramatists had a certain union among themselves. Probably Robert Greene, who introduced Shakespeare to literary notice as an "Upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers," was more embittered against him because he was a player than because he was a plagiarist. That a man from the ranks of actors should attempt to let his company do without its "poet," was too much to bear quietly. Prof. Shückling shows how dramatists rose in the social scale, how they, especially Ben Jonson, struggled for individualism, and how the original taste for blood and horrors on the stage became, by degrees, civilized, and the degrading details were relegated to the imagination.

I may, perhaps, give here a few notes relevant to the general tenor of the book. The author speaks much of the "primitive drama," and its relations to that of Shakespeare. But he neglects to notice the earliest contemporary critic we can remember, John Florio. In his 'First Frutes,' 1578, he says in a dialogue, "Shall we go to a play at the Bull, or else to some other place?" "... We will go into the fields. Let us go to The Theatre to see a comedy." In his 'Second Frutes,' he is not very complimentary. He says, "The plaies that they plaie in England are not right comedies. They are neither right comedies nor right tragidies. . . ." "Pray how would you name them?" "Representations of histories without any decorum!" That, therefore, may be supposed to express the Italian's opinion of all the plays before Shakespeare's, and marks the beginning of his individual work.

Professor Shückling, in his Introduction, entirely omits all reference to two important influences, which must have powerfully affected Shakespeare's work. The first is that of the Court Censor. Shakespeare was fortunate in his. Edmund Tilney was Master of the Revels from 1579 till 1610. He was a man of taste and culture, faithful in the exercise of his duty. That was to "peruse" all plays, and to "reform" them, before he "allowed" them to pass. Every new play brought before him made him ask, "Is there any offence in it?" With blue pencil in hand he went through it

page by page, striking out all political allusions, religious controversies, indecent or profane language, even modifying phrases in their taste and decorum, before he "allowed" it. From how many awkward slips must Tilney have saved Shakespeare, and how many ragged edges may he have left, before and after serious deletions? It is quite possible that in 1592 Tilney would share Greene's disgust at the "Upstart Crow, beautified with our feathers." But when that "Crow," six months later, proved in his first poem, 'Venus and Adonis,' allowed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and dedicated to the critical young Earl of Southampton, that he could grow a plentiful crop of more beautiful feathers of his own, it is probable that he began to look at Shakespeare's plays through a new medium. He would come to them with interested expectation, he would become the adviser and friendly critic for whom the young poet altered many a line. Between them they helped to teach the people what they ought to like, and thereby improved the stage. When Meres, five years after, classed Shakespeare amongst the greatest poets, the greatest comedians, the greatest tragedians, a glow must have suffused Edmund Tilney's heart, for was it not he who had "reformed" Shakespeare's plays?

Another fact which affected Shakespeare's work was the quality of the performers in his company at the time he was engaged on each play. Shakespeare's masterpieces in tragedy synchronize with the developments of Richard Burbage's powers of tragic expression. Further, Professor Shückling does not always follow his own advice to carry the plays back to compare with their originals. In the play which he treats most fully, he gives the original name of Polonius as "Corambus," not "Corambis," as it should be. "Corambus" was a captain of 150 men in 'All's Well that Ends Well.' That is but a trifle, of course. But he forgets to ask why does the dramatic Hamlet change so much from the narrative Hamlet, who without ceasing pressed forward to his revenge in the way surest and safest for himself, until in one great swoop he cleared at once the path to his revenge and his inheritance? He does not clearly show why the dramatic Hamlet needs a ghost, while there was none in 'Les Histoires Tragiques' of Belleforest (probably the only "source.") The answer to both questions is the same. Belleforest reminds us "All these things happened before the faith of Jesus Christ was introduced to Denmark." Shakespeare (or his predecessor) altered the date of the tragedy by a thousand years, and brought Denmark under the faith of Jesus Christ in two forms. Claudius could not have been a Christian, but he must pretend to be one. He dared not kill his brother openly, but secretly, without help or witness, without external traces or bloody tools. Nobody could tell, because nobody knew. Hence "supernatural" information had to be given, and the ghost was the witness to the performance of the foul deed. The revelation confirmed his suspicions. But revenge was not a Christian virtue; the evidence of a ghost could not be taken in law. They were not considered respectable. Necromancy was forbidden by the Scriptures. Hence the warring meditations that delayed his judgment. The hero's life was cut short, while yet Prince of Denmark, and the author of the play falsified the History of Denmark by eliminating King Hamlet from its Book of Kings.

Professor Shückling has been even more careless in 'The Tragedy of Macbeth.' Shakespeare evidently intended this play as a contrast to Hamlet, as well as a compliment to James I. Shückling takes Holinshed to be the only original, but it is evident that Stewart's 'Metrical History of Scotland' was also consulted, and probably also Buchanan's (published 1582), if only for the suggestion of his note. Buchanan says that certain untrustworthy reports had been recorded

* 'Character-Problems in Shakespeare's Plays.' By Professor Levin L. Shückling, of the University of Breslau. Harrap. 10s. 6d. net.

† Cp. Mrs. C. C. Stopes's 'Shakespeare's Industry,' p. 103.

of Macbeth, in 'Milesian Tales, fitter for a Play than a History,' noting how the Milesians were such liars that no one could believe them. It is true that this character had been blackened considerably, as is always the case of the defeated party. A very different Macbeth is given in the Ulster Annals and other Irish Chronicles. But even in the Chronicle of Holinshed and other contemporary histories, Macbeth is never called the murderer of Duncan. It is true, roused by his cowardice and dastardly incompetence, Macbeth led an army against Duncan, but he killed him in open field, saved Scotland from the ravages of the Danes, and the country rejoiced under his beneficent rule. Shakespeare, reading that history, gives him all the crimes of his predecessors for ninety years. So he gives him the covetousness of Gryme, the vices of Cullen, the guilty imagination of Kenneth, the revenge of Donewald, the superstition of Duffe. And there he stopped, for it was the murder of Duffe by Donewald which suggested Macbeth's murder, though the resemblance was not close. On that occasion the sun was eclipsed, and terror fell on the nation. At Duncan's death nature kept her thoughts to herself, but the people had reason to approve.

Professor Shückling is very hard on Lady Macbeth, but he slips more than once in her record. For instance, in regard to her allusion to "her child," he hastily says that history does not support the fact of her motherhood. It really tells how Lady Gruoch escaped over the snow from a burning castle with a child in her arms. This child was Lalach, the "son of misfortune," who succeeded Macbeth, to reign for three sad months before the complete victory of Malcolm. A careful study of Lady Macbeth's character can lead to results very different from those generally accepted. She came to see that the means to the desired end was sin. She accepted the moral responsibility for all her husband's crimes, because she had dealt with him at the first, and the frail body wore itself out by the bitterness of her remorse.

In regard to the sixth chapter, it is clear that Professor Shückling proves his point in the case of the 'Tempest.' The characters are evidently not meant to be symbolical, and he is not quite satisfied with the structure of the drama. It may be remembered that Malone classified the play at first among Shakespeare's early productions, until he discovered Silvester Jourdan's account of the storm which led to the wreck of the *Sea Venture* on the Bermudas. Then he rushed to the opposite extreme and thought it was done by 1611.

Professor Shückling finds 'Miranda' less interesting than 'Perdita.' It is possible that he has not thought of the reason. In 'The Winter's Tale' Shakespeare again poaches on the preserves of the Robert Greene who satirized him in 1592. He follows the novel of Pandosto, or Dorastus and Fawnia very closely, until the death of Hermoine. Shakespeare makes Paulina restore her, secrete her, and return her at last to her converted husband.

Perdita, after sixteen years, began to stir in the world, and her story, with Florizel's, follows generally that of Dorastus and Fawnia. It is perfectly certain that 'The Winter's Tale' was written and performed before 'The Tempest.' Shakespeare repented having followed Greene so closely. He came to realize that though personal appearance and certain kingly qualities could be translated by heredity, the engrafted qualities of good manners, graceful motions and court language could not be acquired in the constant society of ignorant boors. So the next time when he sent a baby out in a boat to seek its fortunes on the stormy sea, he sent a father with his child to educate her in princely manners and high-toned forms of thought and language. That, therefore, was the cause of Miranda becoming duller than Perdita. These few strictures are not intended to depreciate the value of this enlightening book, but rather to offer further suggestions to the author to be dealt with in his next book.

THE SOUL OF A PIANIST

By E. A. BAUGHAN

MUCH has happened in the world since Wilhelm Backhaus first played in London. He was then a fresh-complexioned boy with a mane of golden hair. His playing, always excellent in a technical way, had the hardness of youth. He was very German in his good and in his bad qualities. Last Sunday he gave a recital at the Albert Hall. The golden locks have gone. He looks, but cannot be, on the threshold of middle-age. Had he, I wondered before he had begun Schubert's 'Impromptu in G,' at last found his soul? No piece of music could better prove that he had found it. Let me say at once that it was beautifully played as far as mere technique goes. He has vastly improved as a pianist. Yet I missed the caressing, singing quality which this tender and lyrical music demands. Backhaus's playing was not in any sense hard, but his whole conception seemed commonplace, unromantic, emotionless. It was pre-eminently the playing of a virtuoso pianist. And so with Beethoven's 'Sonata Appassionata.' It is difficult, in listening to a masterpiece such as the 'Appassionata,' not to remember what other great pianists have made of it. I remember Busoni's glorious playing of the work. Some critics in the old days refused to consider Busoni a great interpreter of Beethoven, just as they found fault with Paderewski's Beethoven. D'Albert was held to be the ideal interpreter, but with all his fire and energy he was a trifle hard and ruthless. As a convert to Germany he was even more German than the Germans. Backhaus is not a D'Albert. He is a real German in temperament; D'Albert was not. Beethoven himself was not a thorough-bred German, and I have never heard a real German pianist do justice to his music. The 'Sonata Appassionata,' as Backhaus played it, left no real ground for criticism. Except that he was inclined to exaggerate the *tempi* here and there so that the final *Presto* had to become a *Prestissimo*, no exception could be taken to his interpretation. It was dignified, forcible and—commonplace.

If the truth were known, I fancy professional pianists are weary of Beethoven's sonatas. They give but little opportunity for display of virtuoso accomplishment. With Chopin it is different. The studies, for instance, can be made a most telling medium for showing what a pianist can do in mere playing. Backhaus did some amazing work. His actual finger technique has greatly improved and he is now quite one of the most considerable of virtuosos. But at what a price? Every lover of music knows that both books of Etudes are studies for pianoforte technique in a sense, but he also knows that they are something more: veritable little tone-poems. Backhaus was so determined to show what he can do that in almost every instance he took the music at much too fast a rate. In some cases, as in the 'Etude in F,' Op. 25, it spoiled the poetry of the music. In the big A minor composition, Op. 25, it did not so much matter, but the conversion of the *Allegro con brio* into a *Presto* gave the pianist a very difficult task.

And that seems to be the aim of most public pianists. What Backhaus did with those familiar études was precisely what no amateur pianist could do. They are difficult enough to play at the *tempi* noted by the composer. At the rate at which Backhaus played them, with the utmost ease and without a single wrong note, as far as my ear could detect, they became exercises in super-pianism. It was really quite wonderful, and I found myself applauding against my better judgment. Of course this exhibition of virtuosoship and the delight an audience takes in it are quite natural. The difficult thing done supremely well and with incredible ease is always entertaining. We admire it in the skilful fooling of Grock or in the easy, graceful batting of Hobbs. Why should the performance of music be judged from a different standpoint? After all, the fact that Backhaus or any other pianist plays Chopin faster than the composer intended does not injure the com-

positions. They stand where they did. If you object to the virtuosity, you can play the music at home as you think it should be played, or get someone to play it for you. And you have been given, at any rate, an exciting afternoon. The logic of that defence of virtuosity is devastating and would be unanswerable if music were not an art. For all lovers of music know that there is a difficulty beyond the difficulty of mere finger technique, which should be only a means to an end. It does not follow, of course, that a pianist who has the technical accomplishment of Backhaus has also the imagination and sensitiveness that are required for the genuine interpretation of the spirit of music. Many pianists who have astonished and still astonish the world, have nothing of the poet in their temperament. They happen to be great players of the piano because they have physical and mental aptitude, and that is why so many pianoforte recitals are wearisome to the genuine lover of music. Backhaus himself, apart from his technical accomplishment, is evidently musical. He does not possess, perhaps, any of that histrionic temperament which enables an interpreter to become a temporary creator. But he has sound musical perceptions and a most accomplished technique. Strangely enough, his musical qualities were most clearly expressed in Schumann's 'Des Abends,' 'Aufschwung' and 'Warum.' Here there were no opportunities for technical display, and yet these compositions are difficult because they depend entirely on a feeling for the lyrical in music. They were played with delightful simplicity and genuine feeling. Probably they are the kind of music with which Backhaus is most in sympathy. Perhaps the tragedy of being famous as a pianist is that technical accomplishment must always be held up for the astonishment of an audience. It may be in playing these little Schumann pieces Backhaus had the most enjoyable moments of his long recital. He could be just a simple lover of music for a brief spell.

PRAISE OF TWO NOVELS

BY FILSON YOUNG

TWO novels published during the last week have afforded me a kind of literary refreshment to which for some time past I have been unaccustomed. I think it worth while calling special attention to them because I imagine that there are many others like me who feel that the average merit of creative literary work has declined with us since the war; and no amount of "best sellers" can make up for the absence of books which really add something to the lives of those who read them and remain as additions to our intellectual capital.

These two new books are Mr. Hugh Walpole's *The Cathedral* (Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net) and Mr. Sinclair Lewis's *Babbitt* (Cape: 7s. 6d. net). One by an Englishman and the other by an American, they are novels extremely typical of English and American life. Both are by authors whose names are familiar to the public, and both, if my estimate of them be shared by the majority of readers, will greatly enhance reputations already considerable. But whereas I have too long regarded Mr. Walpole as one of the steadily increasing lights of our contemporary literature and believed him, almost alone among those who have made literary reputations during the last ten years, to be on the straight and true path to the highest kind of success, I have not hitherto so regarded Mr. Sinclair Lewis; and I was not among those who made praise of his novel 'Main Street' the theme of a kind of Hallelujah chorus. Nevertheless I feel that in this present book Mr. Sinclair Lewis has more than justified all that his admirers said, as I thought unjustifiably, in his praise before.

I demand that the material of a novel should be the life of the writer's own time, and that it should express the spirit of that time. Mr. Lewis's novel is the study of the life of a provincial American business man of to-day, whose business and the externals of whose whole existence are treated as a kind of game. It is

post-war, prohibitionist America, and it is written in the slang of that period and place.

But its particular excellence and merit consist in the fact that whereas it deals entirely with people with whom to spend one day would be to me inconceivable exile and boredom, from the sight and sound of whom my whole Anglo-civilized soul would flee in terror, yet I am absorbed in reading about them, and could wish that this substantial book of five hundred pages were twice that length. The business end of a Presbyterian Sunday School, the boosting activities of Real Estate men ("Realtors" you must call them), the dreadful ritual of life among American dry-goods salesmen and travellers—upon these things in the pages of *Babbitt* my soul feeds, with the knowledge that it is absorbing all the true cream and richness of a kind of life undoubtedly being lived by human beings in this world to-day, but from which in actual fact it would recoil. It can only be approached safely through the medium of such an art as Mr. Sinclair Lewis's. What gives him distinction in my mind is that he is the only instance I know of an American intimate enough with this kind of life to be able to describe its every detail, yet detached enough and artist enough to be able to place the whole in its true value and relation to universal truth and sanity. To say that I was endlessly entertained and often chuckled aloud in reading this book is really to say a great deal; because much as I love the exercise of laughter, I find fewer and fewer things in the world which provoke in me that true and happy laughter which Carlyle likened to "sunshine on the deep sea."

Mr. Walpole, on the other hand, has, in *The Cathedral*, led the way back to a kind of fiction which has never been bettered in the English or in any other language, but which the younger generation of writers seem determined to forsake in the interests of pages of exclamatory or anecdotal description. Here is an amazingly sincere and acute study of an unusual kind of temperament; a novel which begins with a note of comedy, never quite lost, and yet rises to true spiritual tragedy. The atmosphere of cathedral society is, as one would expect, well and truly observed. One who knows it and has lived in it can pay this testimony. But what is refreshing is that this is no mere novel of atmosphere. The story would have been just as good if the milieu had been the Stock Exchange or the society of a manufacturing town; in short, it has form and construction; it obeys laws of art which I for one believe to be well-nigh universal and essential; it is without doubt the best English novel that I have read in the last three years. Mr. Walpole's line of descent is not that of Mr. Compton MacKenzie or Mr. Stephen McKenna; without going any further back, I would trace his literary descent from George Eliot, who, although she was the novelist of another time and almost of another world, I still regard as the author of the greatest novel in the English language. She who observed clerical life so ruthlessly and yet so tenderly, who saw Casaubon through just the necessary veil of mystery, and who wrote that wonderful final passage about Dorothea, would not have been ashamed to have created Archdeacon Brandon, or touched upon the chilled and shadowy romance that so astoundingly impinged upon his life; nor could she have written anything finer than the one little passage from the Bishop's last sermon, which fills one with a sense of actuality like the audible ringing of a bell.

I do not attempt to write a review of these novels, because to do so with any justice would be to involve oneself in dogmatic expositions of what are after all only matters of opinion. But I do feel called upon to say that I think them, in the strictest sense, good books and worthy to live; and that I recommend those readers who have any regard for my opinion in such a matter not only to read them, but to buy them and keep them, and read them again a year or two hence, and use them to measure our progress in the literature of fiction.

MARIE LLOYD

BY JAMES AGATE

WHEN, in the Tottenham Court Road, I saw the sheet which announced that Marie Lloyd was dead, everything around me became still. The street lost its hubbub, and for a space I was alone with a sharp and almost personal sorrow. In moments of emotion one is apt to notice the little things, and at once I remarked that, on the poster, the artist's name was prefaced with the word "Miss." Death, laying his hand upon her who was known over the English-speaking world as "Marie," must use more ceremony. "Marie"—pronounced with the broad vowel beloved of the Cockney—was in everybody's mouth that day, in club and barrack-room, in bar-parlour and in modest home. On the high seas "Marie's dead" would be droned from ship to ship. Returning from Kempston a party of bookmakers fell to speaking of the dead artist. One said with tears in his eyes, "She had a heart, had Marie!" "The size of Waterloo Station," another rejoined. Her abounding charity was a commonplace of the profession. That night, at Blackfriars Ring, a bruiser with the marks of many fights declared: "We shan't none of us see the likes o' Marie again. She was a great artist." Those who know that soundness must underlie a boxer's brilliance before he receives the title of "artist," will recognize the force of this tribute. If the music-hall singer, embodying a social stratum to those who know it like their hand, had deviated from truth by so much as a finger's breadth, she would not have received this highest meed of praise. To those whose verdict is based upon the most positive of evidence such fancy things as implications are without meaning. Facts are facts, alike in the New Cut or in Leicester Square. Marie Lloyd's characters knew no parishes but these; they were born in one and rose to the other. "Sank," the moralist will exclaim, true to his eternal preoccupation and for ever beside the point. Morality is a philosophy of life; this realist presented types of human character and drew no moral.

It was not, however, from a world of bullies or the lower deck that Marie Lloyd drew her chief support. She was enormously popular with the class which lives in villas and makes a fetish of respectability. To placate these, would-be apologists have pleaded that "whilst many of the songs were in themselves offensive, the manner of their delivery took away the offence." This is the purest nonsense. The genius of this *disease* consisted in the skill and emphasis with which she drove home the "offensive" point. She employed a whole armoury of shrugs and leers, and to reveal every cranny of the mind utilized each articulation of the body. Frank in gesture as Fielding was in phrase, her page of life was as outspoken and as sure. Hottentot and Eskimo knowing no English, the respectable burgess priding himself on his ignorance of the way of the saloon-lounge, would yet recognize from the artist's pantomime the burden of her song. "No one was ever the worse for her performance." Everything depends, surely, upon what these squeamish critics mean by "offensive" and "worse." It will not be claimed, I think, that 'A Little of What you Fancy does you Good' turned the young men out of the heated music-hall into the Strand determined to look neither to the right nor to the left. Marie Lloyd sang, as Rabelais wrote, for good Pantagruelists and no others, and chastity had to look elsewhere for a minister.

Inside the Horsel here the air is hot,
Right little peace one hath for it, God wot,

was the last reflection conveyed from that Hill of Venus which was the stage of the Tivoli Music Hall. Hoxton's daughter was as much the embodiment of her period as some more pretentious folk. She reduced to the comprehension of butcher's-boy and clerk the

poet's limbs moving "as melodies yet" to quite unpardonable music, all that meaningless tosh about "curing the soul by means of the senses." Little patience, we may be sure, had the *comédienne* with the original form of these nostrums for sick minds. She translated them into tonics for the healthy body; she preached the world and the flesh, and gloried in their being the very devil. None ever left the theatre feeling spiritually better for her songs. From that blight, at least, they were free.

Free, too, from a poison even more deadly. Flaubert, you remember, makes one of his characters conjure up the red lamp of a brothel with the reflection that of all life's experiences this youthful one was the most truly happy. Marie Lloyd's honest spirit would have utterly disdained so pitiful a philosophy. The sailor of whom she sang might, as the result of an encounter in Piccadilly, miss his ship. But a mere incident would not turn him, like Flaubert's sentimental fellow, eternally adrift. There was no decadent Latin taint about Marie; she was almost saltily British. Villadom accepted her in the way it accepts the gay dog who makes no secret of his gaiety. It will have nothing to do with the sad fellow whose pleasure is furtive. There was nothing sad or secret about this idol. She knew that the great English public will open its arms to vice, provided it is presented as a frolic. This idiosyncrasy is one with the tradition of English letters, which has always envisaged the seamy side of life with gusto rather than with deprecation. Yvette Guilbert harrowed the soul with the pathos of her street-walkers; Marie Lloyd had intense delight in her draggle-tails. She showed them in their splendour, not in their misery; the mopishness and squalor of their end were not for her. And that is why, when she came to the portrayal of elderly baggages, she refrained from showing them as pendants to her courtesans. A French artist would have insisted upon the inevitable descent to the procuress, whereas the English artist rejected even Mother Peachum. Instead she gave happy life to battered harridans ludicrous in the sight of man, if not of God; diving into their very entrails for the unstilled riot which made old Jenny steal from her husband's bed to dance at the ball. Again she proved herself an infinitely greater realist than others more highly esteemed. She depicted the delight of humble life, the infinite joy of mean streets. When some jovial crone, emerging from the wings, flung at an unseen, routed foe a Parthian, "And it wouldn't take me long, neither!" you settled in your stall to listen to a reading from the Book of Low Life. There was unction here, and a smack of the lips over a Vulgate the accuracy of which, divined by the boxes, was eagerly checked by the gallery. Was Marie Lloyd vulgar? Undoubtedly. That great quality was her chief glory. She relished and expounded those things which she knew to be dear to the common heart.

Marie had the *petite frimousse éveillée*, the wide-awake little "mug" which Sarcey noted in Réjane. Her "dial," as the Cockney would put it, was the most expressive on the stage. She had beautiful hands and feet. She knew every board on the stage and every inch of every board, and, in the perfection of her technical accomplishment, rivalled her great contemporary of another stage, Mrs. Kendal. Briefly, she knew her business. But it is not my purpose to talk now of mechanical excellence. Rather would I dwell on the fact that she was adored by the lowest classes, by the middle people, and by the swells. "I hope," she said in a little speech before the curtain at her last appearance at the Alhambra, "I hope I may, *without bigotry*, allude to my past triumphs." Poor soul, it is we who should ask to be delivered from that vice. She broadened life and showed it, not as a mean affair of refusal and restraint, but as a boon to be lustily enjoyed. She redeemed us from virtue too strait-laced, and her great heart cracked too soon. The hymn which she sang will not be repeated in our time. *Explicit Laus Veneris.*



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. No. 16

MR. JOSEPH CONRAD

THE TURF

Newmarket, October 10

NO better instance of the value of race-course tests can be offered than by Leighton (Roi Herode—Queen of the Earth). Unbeaten in his four races as a two-year-old and held in great esteem on account of his gallops at home, he was proclaimed by enthusiasts a second St. Simon. Since then he has not won a race out of fourteen attempts! Breeders will now suspect there is something wrong with his breeding or his constitution, and his future as a stallion will be very different from what it would have been if not raced after 1920. At Nottingham last week, after a promising performance behind Leighon Tor at Doncaster, he gave a wretched display in a small handicap, which he never looked like winning. The race was won by Rock Fire with the same ridiculous ease with which he had beaten Evander at Haydock, and in direct contrast to a performance in between at Warwick, where he stopped very suddenly to be beaten by Nightshift and Varinka. Such sharp and sudden distinctions in form ought to have merited an inquiry at both meetings, as much in the interest of those connected with the horse as of the public, but local Stewards, as at present constituted, are hardly qualified to realize quickly such differences of form, and no notice was taken. It might be well to strengthen their position by appointing an experienced adviser to help them in their duties.

I did not go to Haydock Park, but I was told that Condoover (Radium—Moonfleet), who is fancied for the Cambridgeshire, put up an attractive performance when beating some moderates. Such a race will give him the confidence which he lacks. I saw him this morning at exercise on the Heath, and a fortnight at Newmarket prior to the race will be in his favour. At Kempton on Friday some hot favourites in the first three races ran very badly, and it was possibly this that induced the public to desert the beautiful filly Cos (Flying Orb—Renaissance) in the Imperial Produce Stakes for the over-rated Miltiades (Hapsburg—Dodragh), whose race-course form was not of much account. His owner had hopes, trusting to his stamina, but Cos never gave him a chance in the race, and won with great ease. All going well, she should make into a great mare next year as she has had just enough racing to help her.

The Coventry Stakes showed up our present style of starting in a ridiculous light, for Chartered gained some twenty lengths on a good many of the other competitors. It is hard to imagine why, under such circumstances, the recall flag was not utilized. On Saturday the gallant little Monarch, who has run prominently eight times this season over various distances, again tried his luck—this time over six furlongs. He looked trained to the hour and it was thought his class would allow him to carry his welter weight of 10 stone successfully, but it was not to be, and he was worn down by both Impertinent and Night Watchman in the last furlong. The form has not much bearing on the Cambridgeshire, for which Monarch is fancied by his connexions. The big event of the day, the Duke of York Stakes, was an unsatisfactory race. Before the straight was reached, I had mentally dismissed the chances of Sicyon and Tetrabazzia, so badly were they placed. Well in the line for home there seemed to be no danger to Soubriquet, and it was astonishing to see Poisoned Arrow make up his ground so resolutely and quickly. Slow to get into his stride at the start, I had not noticed him in the race until the straight was reached, so his final burst of speed was all the more praiseworthy. The time was excellent, and even if one allows for the improvement of the two favourites on more galloping courses POISONED ARROW looks to hold a great chance in the last of the two big handicaps.

The Sales opened in delightful weather, but the lots offered were only horses in training of moderate class, so the business done was of little consequence. Later in the week Mr. J. B. Joel's two-year-olds and Lady Nelson's yearlings should attract some keen competition.

"L. G."

A Woman's Causerie

CHARMING YOUNG WOMEN AND DELIGHTFUL YOUNG MEN

THESE is an idea, shared by most people, that the path of a charming girl is smoothed of all difficulties with rose leaves free of thorns. Even the delightful young man, who ought to be more logically clear-sighted, envies her apparently smiling conquest of the jagged road of life. But how little does he, or for the matter of that the rest of the world, know of the truth behind her smiles?

The man and the girl who have charm begin life from the same point, both look at the future with a trusting love of mankind and a poignant sense of justice, for without these qualities true charm does not exist. But in ten years from the start of their grown-up days, what a difference there would be, if they could tell the truth, in the story of that past decade. I am not going to hint at anything. I will speak of the natural man and woman who are extraordinary only in being remarkable for their looks and charm. The man finds on every side friends ready to help him to good and to evil. For the good they do not ask an impossible return, and the evil is not brought up against him at every step in his life. His talents are recognized by men and exaggerated by women, he is, in fact, surrounded by a sense of appreciation—a most fertile atmosphere for a sensitive artist. But how seldom the gifted young man is the artist he imagines himself to be, and how often the subtle talent of the girl is disregarded!

Most men and women are artists enough to appreciate manly good looks, but owing to the cloistral upbringing of Englishmen, they are apt to misunderstand the admiration of woman for man. In FitzGerald's translation of Jami's 'Salámán and Absál,' a talk between Sulaymán and Balkis shows one point of view of a woman's secret thoughts of man, and this is what men too often delude themselves that all women feel all the time. The more a man is truly a man, the better he understands woman and the more does he appreciate her, but unfortunately we have been civilized into sub-divisions of indefinite sex characteristics and the charming young girl finds that there are many, and not only women, who purposely misunderstand her.

The conquests of the delightful young man please and interest everyone, and whatever mischief he may do, excuses are found for him. But who sympathizes with the young girl in her struggles to evade behind-the-door kisses? If she likes them she is compared to Balkis, and if she hates them, she is forced to feel that she has made a silly fuss about a thing of no importance. All women ought to be born at fifty, with all the experience of that age, and to grow slowly younger, for I see no other way in which a girl of twenty can find life bearable. Her lack of experience and her desire to please trip her up at every step, whilst the man of twenty is allowed to be a child who can make childish mistakes that are soon forgotten. Superficially it may seem that a pretty girl is a happy one—she certainly shouts aloud her desire for a good time—but underneath much frivolous talk there is often a great fear, for there is around her nothing that is solid or safe. Her mother and father are either, if sympathetic, themselves uncertainly floating in vague ideas, or they are unapproachable from being wrapt in middle-aged reserve. She may persuade herself that nowadays she is as free as her brother, but if she lives the dangerous life—for a woman—that such freedom means, she may one day find herself alone, with her back to the wall, fighting humanity that looks at her with the eyes of a beast of prey. The self-development of the delightful young man will seldom lead him into these straits. He often ends by marrying a rich woman and in taking a leisurely interest in improving her taste. In other words, he can become a philosopher and a philanthropist.

Yoi

Letters to the Editor

The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression. Letters which are of reasonable brevity and are signed with the writer's name are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.

Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

"CRABBING" THE WAR MUSEUM

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Can anything be more fatuous than the way in which certain organs of the Press now persist in "crabbing" the War Museum, and suggesting that it is a useless luxury which should be scrapped in the cause of what is called "anti-waste"? The problem as to housing the contents of the War Museum, when the temporary arrangement with the Crystal Palace for this purpose comes to an end, is, no doubt, made none the easier thereby for solution by the Office of Works; but I do not write now as having any special preference, either for the larger scheme that part of the Imperial Institute should be taken over for it, with an addition to the buildings there, or for the present plan of transferring the exhibits from the Crystal Palace to the Science Museum at South Kensington, which also involves building, on a smaller scale. What does "get my goat," however, as Americans say, is that any sufficient scheme for putting the War Museum in a permanent home should be criticized, as one influential London paper put it during the past week, on the ground of the extravagance of wasting any more money on "housing War relics which are of little interest to the general public."

As one of the general public, let me strongly protest against this libel on their intelligence. The nation is much indebted, though a certain number of ignorant people may not yet realize the extent of their debt, to Sir Martin Conway and those of his expert assistants, who have devoted their energies to the collecting and preservation of this wonderful historical record of the "actualities" of the war. In days to come it can only be judged criminal in us by posterity if we, who are now trustees for the national interest, are so short sighted as to neglect our duty in the proper housing of the War Museum, through any such utter misreading of public opinion as I have quoted.

I am, etc.,

Hampstead, N.W.3

"CUSTOS"

CONCENTRATE ON THE EMPIRE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—In support of the case for concentration of our energies on our Empire, so ably put by you, may I be allowed to point out that such concentration does not mean retirement into a narrow way of life? We of the British Empire actually and without fuss live an international life at least as full as any to which we are summoned by the rhetoric of professed internationalists. We are ourselves, in fact and not merely in aspiration, a League of Nations. The greatest Christian Power in Europe, we are also the greatest Moslem Power in the world, and the only considerable Hindu Power. And if we rule in every continent we also rule, it may be said, in every century from the fifth to the twentieth, our administrators dealing daily and of course with the economic problems of man at every stage, from that of a nomad living by loot and barter, to that of a highly sophisticated commercial being. Our social problems are at one extreme those of polyandry, polygamy, matriarchy, female infanticide; and at the other the most complicated arising out of a civilization tending to decadence. Our internal and frontier wars are against rebels or raiders armed with every variety of weapon, from bow-and-arrow to the most modern arms of precision. Our diplomacy is conducted in the languages of Babel.

Where other Powers to escape from narrowness must undertake duties to the world as such, we are morally justified in confining ourselves to our duty to ourselves and our duty to our neighbours, for we are a great part of the world, and most of the rest of it is neighbour to us. Indeed, we might ordinarily be content with discharge of our duty to ourselves. We are carrying on much the most elaborate, most practical, most promising, but most risky experiment in co-operation between peoples of different races and on different levels of culture that the earth has ever known. Its success would be the greatest possible triumph for a sane international ideal, its failure the greatest possible calamity.

Why, then, should we be ashamed on moral grounds of a restriction of effort to which every political and economic consideration urges us? We have mandates enough in our own Empire, and we cannot go crusading about far beyond its limits without waste of funds needed by the Empire, and without grave danger of alienating some considerable section of our own peoples. We need not fear to be thought luke-warm in the cause of the world's peace if we abstain. If our abstention is known to be due to deference to sentiment somewhere in our Empire, it will readily be understood that we shall never be provokers of unnecessary wars. For an Empire that moves only with consent of members so varied moves only in accord with the conscience of mankind.

I am, etc.,

Hampstead

"A STUDENT OF EMPIRE"

THE BREEDING OF BLOODSTOCK

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It would be interesting if your admirable Turf Contributor—who actually writes about horses as though they were living organisms and not mere gambler's chips—would devote an article to the general principles of blood-stock breeding. How would he choose a sire? On conformation, performances on the turf, or back-breeding? By what the horse is in himself, or by what his sire and dam were before him? Which is likely to prove the better getter—the good horse of no family or the ignoble brute of illustrious pedigree? Nothing, apparently, avails if the blood does not "nick." In what does that curious property consist? Why was Volodyovski, the Derby winner of 1901, a dead failure at the stud? He was a fine colt to look at, a fine performer, and a good bred 'un.

In hackney breeding, of which I have some experience, it is well known that the mating of showyard winners rarely produces winners. Choose your stallion and send him mares of good blood who have spent their lives in a field or anywhere away from the showyard. Some time ago I made a remarkable discovery about the hackney. Analysing the awards at the London Hackney Show from 1886 to 1917 I discovered that the sires which had been proclaimed breed-champions had proved themselves, almost without exception, to be complete failures at breeding prize-winners in leather. Whereas those which had proved brilliantly successful at siring harness horses had not a single breed championship to show between them. The following tables may be of interest.

Year.	Name of champion stallion in hand London Hackney Show.	Number of prize winners in harness at London Hackney Shows 1897-1917 sired by stallion.	Champions in harness at London Shows 1897-1917 sired by stallion.
1886	Candidate	Nil	Nil
1887-8	Reality	Nil	Nil
1889-90	Rufus	Nil	Nil
1891	Connaught	2	Nil
1892-3	M.P.	Nil	Nil
1894-5	Ganymede	11	1
1896	Hedon Squire	Nil	Nil
1897-9-07	Rosador	2	Nil
1898-02	Royal Danegelt	8	Nil
1900-1	McKinley	Nil	Nil
1903-4	Administrator	Nil	Nil
1895-6	Diplomatist	1	Nil
1908	Copper King	Nil.	Nil
1909-10	Kirkburn Toreador	1	Nil
1911-12	King's Proctor	2	Nil
1913-14	Hopwood Viceroy	Nil	Nil

Stallions other than champions in hand.	Class Record in hand at London Hackney Shows.	Prizewinners in harness at London Shows 1897-1917 sired by stallion.
His Majesty, f. 1887	2nd 1891 3rd 1892 1st 1894 1st 1895	14
Garton Duke of Connaught, f. 1889	1st 1892 6th 1893 6th 1894	34
Gentleman John, f. 1890	3rd 1893 4th 1894 4th 1895 2nd 1896 1st 1897 2nd 1898 9th 1911	6
Polonius, f. 1892	1st 1895 1st 1895 2nd 1897 2nd 1898	60
Forest King, f. 1893	7th 1896 5th 1897 2nd 1898 4th 1899 8th 1901	6
Mathias, f. 1895	4th 1898	50
Mathias A1, f. 1906	2nd 1909 1st 1910	8

Is it not more than a little remarkable that never, since the London Show was started, have the judges, universally recognized as the best we possess, been able to predict the successful

getter of the harness horse? Rosador, whom they three times chose for champion, turned out a curse to the breed. He was the handsomest horse that ever stepped, with a vile temper which he successfully transmitted to all his get, and his get's get. He never took to leather nor have his descendants liked it, though they have done well "in hand," that is, led at the end of a string. But to breed hackneys with that object has always seemed to me as sensible as to propagate racehorses in order that they may be stuffed and exhibited on the drawing-room mantelpiece.

I am, etc.,
"JEU"

Maida Vale

THE FILMS AND MELODRAMA

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The cinema criticisms of your ingenious and entertaining contributor, Mr. Agate, and some correspondence you have published, prompt me to ask whether the magnates of the cinema business cannot be supplied with a simple summary of the aesthetics of the film. At present they rely far too much on literature, or what they take to be literature. But in literature the subject does not in any real sense exist, except in the exact words of the author. It can be apprehended only through the author's expression; which is to say, it can be seen only through his eyes. The film each of us sees through his own eyes, as if we were all spectators of actual happenings. This alone should rule out from film production all subjects which owe their significance to the artist's point of view and, nakedly considered, are nothing or ambiguous.

It is quite impossible on the film to reproduce the illusion of the individual character; we can reproduce only his world, not his sense of that world. In securing the poor advantage of seeing facts directly, instead of through his temperament, that is, through his creator's, we lose a privilege inestimably more valuable. Yet our producers persist in filming words and plays and fumbling after subtleties, when they might be giving us sound and simple melodrama and elementary farce, where the mere facts would be exciting enough or amusing enough.

I am, etc.,
HENRY HENDERSON

Edinburgh

THE ART OF TRANSLATION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Translation, if it means adequate presentation in the same amount of words, is generally impossible. A phrase rendered into another language has often to be overdone or underdone in its new dress. The careful and organized translator wonders which is the more venial crime. The gulf in thought and form between one language and another cannot be bridged in many instances. Who knows the French for "a sense of humour"? Do we expect a Jew to wear a kilt gracefully? Why then should we expect a foreign word to wear an English dress with grace and aptitude?

I do not know many translators who will take the trouble to discover what words are too new or too old. The Authorized Version of the Bible owes a great deal to translators long dead when it was composed. It was not a new translation, but "out of many good ones, a principal good one." Probably the man who ventures most is doing more for English than the correct person tied to words of undeniable respectability. He should venture on the lines of such nature, form and manner as exist for a model. For Greek choruses Swinburne has made wonderful metres familiar. Ruskin at his best has the ease and humour of Plato, and might be a model for translators of Plato. See the remarks of Walter Headlam on this point in his 'Book of Greek Verse.' Notice also, even at this date, Horace's 'Ars Poetica' on the values of words, and avoid all that the common or urban reviewer says. He or she makes outrageous remarks on language with blushing assiduity.

I am, etc.,
V. RENDALL

West Kensington

MR. LLOYD GEORGE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—It is about time that England, Lord Rosebery's "pre-dominant partner," firmly requested a return to the normal English manner of speaking the truth and standing by it, accompanied by an immediate removal from office of Mr. Lloyd George and his satellites. One reads editorial, aristocratic, and labour diatribes against the Welsh Wizard with excess of prejudice, stress of logic, and enmity. But skins were never so thick, and the public pays, so the game goes on.

When the Prime Minister speaks, the clarity of what he says is so evident and genuine, but it is with what he means that difficulty sets in; there is endless explanation over that. And between what he says and what he does, no rule of harmony has ever been found capable of being applied. In fact, no one believes a word he says. No one can. Lord Lincolnshire says

the Premier sees everything upside down; my opinion is that he always looks sideways.

Mr. Lloyd George would have us believe he won the war; and those who used to believe he did, have been examining his later credentials, and it is now fully realized that all his nine-pence-for-fourpence and other stage illusions are just talk, and end there, not being meant for continuity. Mr. Lloyd George has had a generous chance, but he must go, and the sooner the better.

I hesitate to point to the state of things. Agriculture, mining, engineering, are all down and nearly out. Look at the bureaucracy; all well housed and doing well, always being added to as occasion is said to necessitate. Look at all the municipal, gas, electricity, tramway, and other "official" and uniformed people; they do not "feel the draught." Then look at those who pay for all these services, and listen to what they say.

Sir, our bad state is put down to the war. It is true that we threw away money and men, but we beat the enemy, and we added to our territory. If prime ministers and politics are any good at all, surely they should reap advantage for us in victory. Have they reaped advantage? Any advantages have been thrown away. The man who is the Prime Minister of England has no policy. He it is who must be blamed for not securing the fruits of victory. It rings in my ears—"Homes for heroes"; what a slogan for the heroes! Homes for heroes need offence and defence for their maintenance; State emigration is tendered instead. The Secretariat is put on. So it goes on. And beer is dear; we can only get it when we are permitted; tobacco is dear; travelling is dear; but talk is cheap.

I am, etc.,
W. W. STRAFFORD

Parkbrooke, Hampton-on-Thames

THE RIGHT TO DIE

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Mr. Cook, Labour member of Bath City Council, may be actuated by genuine benevolence in proposing to invest medical men with authority to put a limit to the suffering of cancer patients by painless means; but such a proposal reveals limitation of moral horizon, being in principle a reversion to the twilight moral view of barbarism. As an abstract moral principle, no circumstances justify any person in limiting another's tenure of this life; but this life is largely operated on expediency as its controlling principle. Yet to erect any necessity into a principle is to make it morally dangerous.

While it is on the leaders of orthodox medical science that the irony of the situation reflects with such scathing and embarrassing force because directness,—apart from the ethical significance of this proposal, there are utilitarian aspects which discount it to an extent which makes it untenable. (1) The establishment of such a loop-hole of escape, relaxes supremely the moral consciousness of obligation to cope with it by curative means; which, in view of the calculation made by a doctor more than a decade ago, that at the then rate of increase of cancer incidence, there would not in thirty years be a woman over thirty without cancer, is a somewhat appalling prospect. (2) It would reduce the doctor from a professional healer to a professional executioner. (3) It is impossible to know that death, in apparently releasing from physical pain, is a curtailment of suffering. (4) The supreme, insuperable difficulty which completely nullifies death as a remedy for cancer or any other disease, is that all disease is soul-deep.

I am, etc.,
MAURICE L. JOHNSON

The Polygon, Clifton

THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The Commission of the Football Association, which has just published its comments on the match between the Hotspur and Arsenal teams on Sept. 23, will, I hope, be more useful than the similar bodies politicians invent to stifle inquiry and soothe the public. The Association has actually threatened to close the Tottenham ground, thus making an attempt long due to stop rowdiness. It has let things go for so many years that professional play is full of trickery and nasty temper. "Money talks" is one significant maxim of our age. "Money silences" should be another. The big money earned by popular teams has produced an immunity from reproof and punishment disgusting to those who know. Much of the sporting Press is slack where vigilance is needed. Referees are also complaisant, ignoring practices that no decent amateur could applaud.

If the Association wishes to deserve its position in English sport, it should stamp out unfair play by severer penalties. When a ball has been handled by a full-back to save a goal, a goal might be given, whether it was certain or not. This would show players that it does not pay to break the rules, and the crowd who look on that their bets on the match are not going to be saved by unfair play. Players who make a practice of deliberately laming opponents—such practice is notorious and too often only vaguely indicated in Press notices—should be suspended for a season.

The Tottenham crowd "interfered with the proper conduct of the match." The discovery is welcome, but sadly belated. The Association might improve the manners of its supporters by asking directors to insert a few home-truths in the fly-sheets issued on the grounds. This season I have heard on a London ground a chorus of insulting remarks addressed to a referee, especially accusations of bribery. "What d'yer get for that, ref.?" is an insult to a decent man supposed to be impartial. Referees should have the courage to stop a few games altogether, and the Association should close a few grounds. Then pockets will be hit, and a better standard may prevail.

The football of the Association exhibits a high degree of skill, but it has lost the traditions of English sport. So have at least some sporting chroniclers. Once I saw an important match described as "exceptionally clean." As a matter of fact, I counted the interruptions due to fouls or other breaches of the rules, and I found that the referee's whistle went on an average once every three minutes. The Rugby game has been kept in order, and is generally clean—virginally white, indeed, when compared with Association professionals.

The contrast with cricket is most marked. Cricket is clean, and still deserves to give the English their pet phrase for generous behaviour to an opponent. But now it is overshadowed by football which is not a credit to the English people.

I am, etc.,
W. H. JACQUES

'IRISH'

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—Will you allow me to correct one or two misunderstandings in the most kind and sympathetic review of my 'Wandering Years' in your issue of October 7? Your reviewer says that I criticize the intolerance of my husband's fellow-resident magistrates in Ireland. This is a mistake. The resident magistrates were kin and brothers to each other, all more or less in the same boat when the war came upon them, unprovided with a living wage according to the new conditions, and all ready to share what they had with each other. These fellow-resident magistrates of my husband's I hold in great affection and regard. It was a section of the local gentry that my words applied to.

I am so sorry to have ruffled the feelings of my kind reviewer by what apparently seems a blatant Irishism. Perhaps as a small nationality, at least in Ireland, we are too assertive in claiming our places in the sun: but in some of my Irishisms I was laughing at myself, present or past. During eighteen years of life in England I learnt to love the beauty of English country with a passion. That is, I think, to be seen in much that I have written. If I turned to the beauty of my own country with a closer love it was natural, seeing we had been so long parted. No one knows better than I what English kindness and English friendship mean, and I have tried to return them whole-heartedly. I have sometimes hated English politics, but never an English man or woman—certainly not as English. I owe much to England if I love my own poor country best.

The lady who told me not to trail my coat was an Irish lady. The trailing had no reference to Irish politics: it applied to the varying politics of her family—she had married an Englishman—in which there was very good matter for an explosion.

I am so sorry that I seemed to trail my coat for my kind reviewer. I have seldom had a review which gave me so keen a pleasure; there is so much human kindness and discernment in

it. I only feel that it was too kind to one who had most unwittingly rubbed him up the wrong way and on whose unworthy head he has heaped coals of fire.

I am, etc.,
KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

Cologne

H.M. COASTGUARD

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I think that all civilians who visit our seaside resorts in search of health and renewed vigour will read with great regret of the Government's proposal to abolish the Coastguard service for reasons of economy. While admitting that conditions have greatly changed since this force was created so that the main objects of the repression of smuggling, and in time of war repelling enemy landings on our coasts, no longer exist, there are still useful services for them to perform, as is proved by the proposed substitution of a civilian service.

The proposal to turn over Coastguard duties now under Admiralty supervision to civilians in the employ of the Board of Trade, Customs, etc., is only too likely to result in confusion, as anyone who has had experience of the jealousies of Government departments will readily realize. Moreover, the tendency of civilian Government employees is always in the direction of increased emoluments, and discipline is lacking. While economy may be possible in the Coastguard Service by the substitution of discharged short-service men for pensioners, it is extremely doubtful whether in the end civilians would prove more economical than service men, and they would certainly be less efficient.

From the less important sentimental and picturesque points of view, it would be a distinct loss to miss the blue uniforms from our coasts, where they act as recruiting agents for the Navy, and give at least a moral sensation of security. By the entry of the younger men an efficient reserve for the Navy in war time should be created.

With the greatest respect and desire for economy, I fail to see that the disbandment of the Coastguard will effect anything in this direction, and I sincerely hope that the volume of protest against the proposed change, which has up to now been confined to Service and local journals, will extend to more generally read organs of the Press, and that the British public will make its voice heard in favour of the continuance of a reorganized Coastguard Service in its present sphere of duties.

I am, etc.,
C. A. BEARD

Crescent Road, Kingston-on-Thames

GEORGE MACDONALD

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I am now at work upon a biography of my father, the late George Macdonald, the Scottish poet and novelist. I shall be greatly indebted to you if you will, through this communication, advise your readers of the fact, and that I should be grateful if they would let me have any letters of my father, or anything that might be useful to me.

I am, etc.,
GREVILLE MACDONALD, M.D.

Wildwood, Haslemere, Surrey

[Several letters are unavoidably held over.—ED. S.R.]

Verse

WE SHALL LAY DOWN OUR LIMBS IN GRASS

WE shall lay down our limbs in grass
So long we shall not know years pass,
So still the reapers when they reap
Shall not invade our fringe of sleep,
So deep the ploughman when he ploughs
Shall not betray our buried brows.
How shall Death irk our calm wit spent
Pursuing this proud argument?—
For my swift limbs which now are yours
You shall still hold while grass endures.
And this your hair which now is mine
Body with body shall entwine.
Reapers where we lie close shall call
"What grass is this that grows so tall?"
And children passing through these lands
Shall sing suddenly and join hands.

LOUIS GOLDING

Saturday Stories: XVI

ALAS, POOR BOLLINGTON!

By A. E. COPPARD

(All Rights Reserved)

"I WALKED out of the hotel, just as I was, and left her there. I never went back again. I don't think I intended anything quite so final, so dastardly; I had not intended it, I had not thought of doing so, but that is how it happened. I lost her, lost my wife purposely. It was heartless, it was shabby, for she was a nice woman, a charming woman, a good deal younger than I was, a splendid woman, in fact she was very beautiful, and yet I ran away from her. How can you explain that, Turner?"

Poor Bollington looked at Turner, who looked at his glass of whisky, and that looked irresistible—he drank some. Bollington sipped a little from his glass of milk.

I often found myself regarding Bollington as a little old man. Most of the club members did so too, but he was not that at all; he was still on the sunny side of fifty, but so unassertive, no presence to speak of, no height, not enough hair to mention—if there had been it would surely have been yellow. So mild and modest he cut no figure at all, just a man in glasses that seemed rather big for him. Turner was different though he was just as bald; he had stature and bulk, his very pincenez seemed twice the size of Bollington's spectacles. They had not met each other for ten years.

"Well, yes," Turner said, "but that was a serious thing to do."

"Wasn't it!" said the other, "and I had no idea of the enormity of the offence—not at the time. She might have been dead, poor girl, and her executors advertising for me. She had money you know, her people had been licensed victuallers, quite wealthy. Scandalous!"

Bollington brooded upon his sin until Turner sighed:

"Ah, well, my dear chap."

"But you have no idea," protested Bollington, "how entirely she engrossed me. She was twenty-five and I was forty when we married. She was entrancing. She had always lived in a stinking hole in Balham, and it is amazing how strictly some of those people keep their children; licensed victuallers, did I tell you? Well, I was forty, and she was twenty-five; we lived for a year dodging about from one hotel to another all over the British Isles, she was a perfect little nomad—you married, Turner?"

No, Turner was not married, he never had been.

"O, but you should be," cried little Bollington, "it's an extraordinary experience, the real business of the world is marriage, marriage. I was deliriously happy and she was learning French and Swedish—that's where we were going later. She was an enchanting little thing, fair with blue eyes. Phœbe her name was."

Turner thoughtfully brushed his hand across his generous baldness, then folded his arms.

"You really should," repeated Bollington, "you ought to, really. But I remember we went from Kil-larney to Belfast and there something dreadful happened. I don't know, it had been growing on her I suppose, but she took a dislike to me there, had strange fancies, thought I was unfaithful to her. You see she was popular wherever we went, a lively little woman, in fact she wasn't merely a woman she was a little magnet, men congregated and clung to her like so many tacks and nails and pins. I didn't object at all—on the contrary, 'Enjoy yourself, Phœbe,' I said, 'I don't expect you always to hang round an old fogey like me.' Fogey was the very word I used; I didn't mean it, of course, but that was the line I took for she was so charming until she began to get so bad tempered. And believe me, that made her angry,

furious. No, not the fogey, but the idea that I did not object to her philandering. It was fatal, it gave colour to her suspicions of me—Turner, I was as innocent as any lamb—tremendous colour. And she had such a sharp tongue! If you ventured to differ from her—and you couldn't help differing sometimes—she'd positively bludgeon you, and you couldn't help being bludgeoned. And she had a passion for putting me right, and I always seemed to be so very wrong, always. She would not be satisfied until she had proved it, and it was so monstrous to be made feel that because you were rather different from other people you were an impertinent fool. Yes, I seemed at last to gain only the pangs and none of the prizes of marriage. Now there was a lady we met in Belfast to whom I paid some attention . . ."

"O, good lord!" groaned Turner.

"No, but listen," pleaded Bollington, "it was a very innocent friendship—nothing was further from my mind—and she was very much like my wife, very much; it was noticeable, everybody spoke of it—I mean the resemblance. A Mrs. Macarthy, a delightful woman, and Phœbe simply loathed her. I confess that my wife's innuendoes were so mean and persistent that at last I hadn't the strength to deny them, in fact at times I wished they were true. Love is idolatry if you like, but it cannot be complete immolation—there's no such bird as the phoenix, is there, Turner?"

"What, what?"

"No such bird as the phoenix?"

"No, there is no such bird, I believe."

"And sometimes I had to ask myself quite seriously if I really hadn't been up to some infidelity! Nonsense of course, but I assure you that was the effect it was having upon me. I had doubts of myself, frenzied doubts! And it came to a head between Phœbe and me in our room one day. We quarrelled, O dear, how we quarrelled! She said I was sly, two-faced, unfaithful, I was a scoundrel and so on. Awfully untrue, all of it. She accused me of dreadful things with Mrs. Macarthy, and she screamed out: 'I hope you will treat her better than you have treated me.' Now what did she mean by that, Turner?"

Bollington eyed his friend as if he expected an oracular answer, but just as Turner was about to respond Bollington continued: "Well, I never found out, I never knew, for what followed was too terrible. 'I shall go out,' I said, 'it will be better, I think.' Just that, nothing more. I put on my hat and I put my hand on the knob of the door when she said most violently: 'Go with your Macarthys, I never want to see your filthy face again!' Extraordinary you know, Turner. Well, I went out, and I will not deny I was in a rage, terrific. It was raining, but I didn't care and I walked about in it. Then I took shelter in a book-seller's doorway opposite a shop that sold tennis rackets and tobacco, and another one that displayed carnations and peaches on wads of coloured wool. The rain came so fast that the streets seemed to empty, and the passers-by were horridly silent under their umbrellas and their footsteps splashed so dully, and I tell you! was very sad, Turner, there. I debated whether to rush across the road and buy a lot of carnations and peaches and take them to Phœbe. But I did not do so, Turner. I never went back, never."

"Why, Bollington, you—you were a positive ruffian, Bollington."

"O, scandalous," rejoined the ruffian.

"Well, out with it, what about this Mrs. Macarthy?"

"Mrs. Macarthy? But, Turner, I never saw her again, never. I . . . I forgot her. Yes, I went prowling on until I found myself at the docks and there it

suddenly became dark; I don't know, there was no evening, no twilight, the day stopped for a moment—and it did not recover. There were hundreds of bullocks slithering and panting and steaming in the road, thousands; lamps were hung up in the harbour, cabs and trollies rattled round the bullocks, the rain fell dismally and everybody hurried. I went into the dock and saw them loading a steamer, it was called SS. *Frolic*, and really, Turner, the things they put into the belly of that steamer were rather funny: tons and tons of monstrous big chain, the links as big as soup plates, and two or three pantotechnicon vans. Yes, but I was anything but frolicsome, I assure you, I was full of misery and trepidation and the deuce knows what. I did not know what I wanted to do or what I was going to do, but I found myself buying a ticket to go to Liverpool on that steamer and, in short, I embarked. How wretched I was, but how determined. Everything on board was depressing and dirty, and when at last we moved off the foam slewed away in filthy bubbles, as if that dirty steamer had been sick and was running away from it. I got to Liverpool in the early morn, but I did not stay there; it is such a clamouring place, all trams and trollies and teashops. I sat in the station for an hour, the most miserable man alive, the most miserable ever born. I wanted some rest, some peace, some repose, but they never ceased shunting an endless train of goods trucks, banging and screeching until I almost screamed at the very porters. Criff was the name on some of the trucks, I remember, Criff, and everything seemed to be going criff, criff, criff. I haven't discovered to this day what Criff signifies, whether it's a station, or a company, or a manufacture, but it was Criff, I remember. Well, I rushed to London and put my affairs in order. A day or two later I went to Southampton and boarded another steamer and put to sea, or rather we were ignominiously lugged out of the dock by a little rat of a tug that seemed all funnel and hooter. I was off to America, and there I stopped for over three years."

Turner sighed. A waiter brought him another glass of spirit.

"I can't help thinking, Bollington, that it was all very fiery and touchy. Of course I don't know, but really it was a bit steep, very squeamish of you. What did your wife say?"

"I never communicated with her, I never heard from her, I just dropped out. My filthy face, you know, she did not want to see it again."

"Oh, come, Bollington! And what did Mrs. Macarthy say?"

"Mrs. Macarthy! I never saw or heard of her again. I told you that."

"Ah, yes, you told me. So you slung off to America."

"I was intensely miserable there for a long while. Of course I loved Phoebe enormously, I felt the separation. I . . . O, it is impossible to describe. But what was worst of all was the meanness of my behaviour, there was nothing heroic about it. I soon saw clearly that it was a shabby trick, disgusting. I had bolted and left her to the mercy of . . . well, of whatever there was. It made such an awful barrier—you've no idea of my compunction—I couldn't make overtures—'Let us forgive and forget.' I was a mean rascal, I *was* filthy. That was the barrier—myself; I was too bad. I thought I should recover and enjoy life again. I began to think of Phoebe as a cat, a little cat. I went everywhere and did everything. But America is a big country. I couldn't get into contact. I was lonely, very lonely, and although two years went by I longed for Phoebe. Everything I did I wanted to do with Phoebe by my side. And then my cousin, my only relative in the world—he lived in England—he died. I scarcely ever saw him, but still he was my kin. And he died. You've no comprehension, Turner, of the truly awful sensation such a bereavement brings. Not a soul in the world now would have the remotest interest in my welfare. O, I tell you, Turner, it was

tragic, tragic, when my cousin died. It made my isolation complete. I was alone, a man who had made a dreadful mess of life. What with sorrow and remorse, I felt that I should soon die, not of disease but disgust."

"You were a great ninny," ejaculated his friend. "Why the devil didn't you hurry back, claim your wife, bygones be bygones; why bless my conscience what a ninny, what a great ninny!"

"Yes, Turner, it is as you say. But though conscience is a good servant, it is a very bad master; it overruled me, it shamed me, and I hung on to America for still another year. I tell you my situation was unbearable, I was tied to my misery, I was a tethered dog, a duck without water—even dirty water. And I hadn't any faith in myself or in my case; I knew I was wrong, had always been wrong. Phoebe had taught me that. I hadn't any faith. I wish I had had. Faith can move mountains, so they say, though I've never heard of it actually being done."

"No, not in historical times," declared Turner.

"What do you mean by that?"

"O well, time is nothing, it's nothing, it comes and off it goes. Has it ever occurred to you, Bollington, that in 5,000 years or so there will be nobody in the world speaking the English language, our very existence even will be speculated upon, as if we were the Anthropophagi? O good lord, yes."

And another whisky.

"You know, Bollington, you were a perfect fool. You behaved like one of those half-baked civil service hounds who lunch in a dairy on a cup of tea and a cream horn. You wanted some beef, some ginger. You came back, you must have come back because here you are now."

"Yes, Turner, I came back after nearly four years. Everything was different, ah, how strange! I could not find Phoebe, it is weird how people can disappear. I made inquiries, but it was like looking for a lost umbrella, fruitless after so long."

"Well, but what about Mrs. Macarthy?"

Mr. Bollington said, slowly and with the utmost precision: "I—did—not—see—Mrs.—Macarthy—again."

"O, of course, you did not see her again, not ever."

"Not ever. I feared Phoebe had gone abroad too, but at last I found her in London . . ."

"No," roared Turner, "why the devil couldn't you say so, and done with it? I've been sweating with sympathy for you. O, I say, Bollington!"

"My dear Turner, listen. Do you know she was delighted to see me, she even kissed me, straight off, and we went out to dine and had the very deuce of a spread and we were having the very deuce of a good time. She was lovelier than ever and I could see all her old affection for me was returning, she was so . . . well, I can't tell you, Turner, but she had no animosity whatever, no grievance, she would certainly have taken me back that very night. O dear, dear . . . and then! I was anxious to throw myself at her feet, but you couldn't do that in a public café; I could only touch her hands, beautiful, as they lay on the white linen cloth. I kept asking: 'Do you forgive me?' and she would reply: 'I have nothing to forgive, dear, nothing.' How wonderful that sounded to my truly penitent soul—I wanted to die."

"But you don't ask me where I've been!" she cried gaily, "or what I've been doing, you careless old Peter. I've been to France, and Sweden, too!"

"I was delighted to hear that, it was so very plucky."

"When did you go?" I asked.

"When I left you," she said.

"You mean when I went away?"

"Did you go away? O, of course, you must have. Poor Peter, what a sad time he has had."

"I was a little bewildered, but I was delighted; in fact, Turner, I was hopelessly infatuated again. I wanted to wring out all the dregs of my detestable villainy and be absolved. All I could begin with was:

(Continued on page 562)

Autumn Books

MR. BUCHAN COMPLETES HIS TASK

A History of the Great War. By John Buchan.
Vol. IV. Nelson. 25s. net.

MR. BUCHAN'S fourth volume, covering the period from Caporetto to the Armistice, completes his revised history of the Great War. It is a very notable achievement on his part, and we cannot for a moment share the mood of those critics who have been reading him solemn lectures for not waiting till the official histories appear. Judging by the snail-like progress of these stately works, half a century or more would have to elapse if such a condition were accepted. Naturally his present history can only be provisional, and many of its verdicts may ultimately have to be revised. But it is a stepping stone to the completer and fuller history which may satisfy the next generation. His defects in this volume, as in its predecessors, are that, despite his industry, he has not been able to keep up with the mass of new works that are constantly appearing on the war; that his attitude is rather too much the official one, which glosses over the disagreeable and condones inefficiency; and that he is too pronounced an enthusiast for Lord Haig's methods and strategy to be quite dispassionate. His treatment of the air raids on England is an example of the official attitude; he almost dismisses them as of no importance, forgetting that a large number of men, guns and machines had to be kept in England to deal with them; that, as the admirable article in the new volumes of 'Encyclopædia Britannica' points out, "a night raid stopped munition work over a large area"; and that the casualties were rapidly mounting—they reached 1,413 killed and 3,407 injured. The air raids were in actual fact a serious menace, and had they been continued night after night, and had poison-gas bombs been employed, who shall say what the result might not have been?

In his estimate of Lord Haig's strategy, Mr. Buchan hardly gives sufficient importance to the third battle of Ypres. It is notorious that Lord Haig was entreated by all familiar with the terrain not to attack there. It was well known that the most formidable weapon which the British army possessed, the tank, could not be employed at Ypres with the slightest hope of success; and that tank officers were emphatic in their protests. Nevertheless a great battle was joined in the mud before Passchendaele, after the Allied artillery had carefully rendered the ground quite impassable for infantry and armoured vehicles. What was there to show for the 350,000 casualties which this engagement cost the British army? If Ludendorff is to be believed—and his statements have never been contradicted on this head by the British Staff—his losses were only half the British. These heavy casualties were incurred, too, at a time when owing to the collapse of Russia it was of paramount importance to economize British manpower; and when the Tank Corps Staff were pointing out the superior advantage of fighting on clean ground which had not been carefully torn to pieces with shells. As to the agonies which the human being endured, they might have been more emphasized. The Master of Belhaven's diary and Major John Ewing's record in his masterly 'History of the 9th Scottish Division,' prove that the offensive at Ypres in 1917 failed because "officers and men were engaged in a long and cruel struggle against ineluctable conditions." But the ineluctable physical conditions were known to G.H.Q. before the battle began.

Mr. Buchan is quite right in pointing out Lord Haig's noble contribution to the final victory, when, against the wishes of the British Government, he undertook that most terrible and dangerous of all operations, the

storming of the main Hindenberg Line before Cambrai, which began on September 27, 1918, and continued for some days.

So difficult seemed the operation of breaking at one bound through the Siegfried Line, that the British Government endeavoured for some weeks to dissuade Sir Douglas Haig from the attempt. Their nervousness was natural, but the responsibility thus placed upon their Commander-in-Chief might well have dismayed a weaker man. The movement was undertaken on Haig's initiative; he bore the sole burden of it; and therefore to him belongs the full credit of what was destined to be one of the decisive actions of the war.

All this is true and required to be emphasized. General Smuts was sent in person to stop the attack, but fortunately was induced to abandon his prohibition, on the understanding that, if the assault on the German position failed, Lord Haig should take the blame and be removed. Lord Haig went forward calmly, and was rewarded with complete and triumphant success, though even Foch had doubted whether the thing could be done. That was a great act and a great hour in British military history.

In no carping spirit, but because it may help the reader, certain mistakes must be pointed out in Mr. Buchan's fourth volume—as the schoolman said, *humanum est errare*, and no mortal work can aspire to perfection. In his account of that tremendous engagement, the Second Marne, he does not make it clear that one cause of the German failure was that the French artillery opened before the German got to work, at midnight on July 14-15, 1918. Yet the fact is established by Mangin and Cordurieu on the French side, and by Kurt Hesse's remarkable little book on the German side. Hesse, in his *Das Marne Drama des 15 Juli, 1918*, says:

At last a furious artillery fire began. I looked at my watch; it was 1 a.m. [one hour earlier by French time]. Had our guns made a mistake? They were to open at 1.10, and not before. From the crater in which I sat I dashed out and got back again pretty quick. Shells were falling before and behind us. The enemy had opened! Ten minutes later our guns began to fire.

The terms of the Armistice are not given with correctness, as the number of machine guns which the Germans were required to surrender is stated at 30,000, instead of 25,000, and the number of aeroplanes at 2,000, instead of 1,700. Changes were made at the last moment by Marshal Foch, which were not incorporated in the text as it was communicated to the Allied peoples. Hence these divergencies, which may puzzle posterity if they are not pointed out and explained. Another matter of some importance concerns the German tactics employed in the great offensive of March, 1918. The innovation on the German side was not in the brevity of the bombardment which preceded the infantry assault, as Mr. Buchan suggests, but in the absence of all preliminary artillery preparation, such as registration extending over days. The same tactics had been employed by the British in the first battle of Cambrai, so that there was nothing absolutely novel in them. It might have been noted by Mr. Buchan that these tactics of surprise attack without previous artillery preparation, were in substance those worked out by General Swinton so far back as early 1916 for tank battles, though such were the extreme conservatism of British military opinion that he was not able to secure their application till many months later. The methods employed by the British on "the black day for the German army," as Ludendorff called August 8, 1918, were also practically identical with those proposed by General Swinton.

Another point to which greater attention might have been directed in view of its importance was the extent to which gas shells were supplanting high explosive shells towards the close of the war, and the extraordinary advantages which the Germans derived from

The Bodley Head Autumn List

Art

BRITISH SPORTING ARTISTS

By **W. SHAW SPARROW**, Author of "A Book of Bridges," etc. With an Introduction by **SIR THEODORE COOK**. Fully Illustrated in colour and half-tone. Demy 4to. 42s. net.
Special edition limited to 95 numbered and signed copies. 105s. net.

HISTORY OF ART

By **ELIE FAURE**. Translated from the French by **WALTER PACH**. Illustrated. Demy 8vo.
Vol. 1, Ancient Art, 21s. net. Vol. 2, Mediaeval Art, 25s. net.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS

By **JAN GORDON**. Illustrated in colour and black and white. Crown 4to. 21s. net.

FISHING BOATS & BARGES FROM THE THAMES TO LAND'S END

Twenty wood cuts by **C. A. WILKINSON**. Text by **WALTER WOOD**. 10s. 6d. net. Special edition with the wood cuts tinted by hand, limited to 75 copies. 42s. net.

THE HOUSE OF VANITIES

By **HAYTER PRESTON**. With bibliographical foreword by **HALDANE MACFALL**, and numerous designs and decorated coloured cover by the late **CLAUDE LOVAT FRASER**. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net.

Travel and Adventure

SIWA: The Oasis of Jupiter Ammon

By **C. DALRYMPLE BELGRAVE**. Illustrated in colour from the author's original drawings, and from photographs. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

ADVENTURES IN BOLIVIA

By **C. H. PRODGERS**. Illustrated with sketches in colour by the author, and with photographs. With an introduction by **R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM**. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

POOR FOLK IN SPAIN

By **JAN** and **CORA GORDON**. With coloured frontispiece and 46 illustrations in black and white by the authors. Foolscape 4to. 12s. 6d. net.

Anatole France

LIFE IN FLOWER (La Vie en Fleur)

ANATOLE FRANCE'S new book. Translated by **J. LEWIS MAY**. In the Uniform Edition. Demy 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

ANATOLE FRANCE & HIS CIRCLE

Being his table talk, collected and recorded by **PAUL GSELL**, and illustrated from paintings by Anatole France's godson, **PIERRE CALMETTES**. Translated by **FREDERIC LEES**. Demy 8vo. Uniform with the library edition of the works. 7s. 6d. net.

"Anatole France has found his Boswell." — *Evening Standard*.

THE OXFORD CIRCUS

By **HAMISH MILES** and **RAYMOND MORTIMER**. Illustrated by **JOHN KETTELWELL**. Crown 8vo. 7s. net.

A witty pastiche of certain literary fashions of the day.

Illustrated Books

THE RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM

FITZGERALD'S version. With 20 illustrations in colour, initial letters and decorations by "FISH." Demy 4to. 21s. net.

AT THE SIGN OF THE REINE PÉDAUQUE

By **ANATOLE FRANCE**. With 12 illustrations in Photogravure and numerous illustrations in the text by **FRANK C. PAPE**, illustrator of "Jurgen." Medium 8vo. 16s. net.

THE BELOVED VAGABOND

By **W. J. LOCKE**. With 16 illustrations in colour and numerous illustrations in the text by **JEAN DULAC**. Foolscape 4to. 10s. 6d. net.

DREAM DAYS

By **KENNETH GRAHAME**. Illustrated in colour and black and white by **LOIS LENSKI**. Uniform with the new illustrated edition of "The Golden Age." Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

THE COACHING ERA

By **VIOLET A. WILSON**, author of "Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour." With 8 coloured illustrations from old prints and 4 in half-tone. Demy 8vo. 15s. net.

CANADIAN FAIRY TALES

By **CYRUS MACMILLAN**. With 16 illustrations in colour and 14 in black and white by **MARCIA LANE FOSTER**. Crown 4to. 16s. net.

Belles Lettres

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY

By **LIONEL JOHNSON**. New edition with a supplementary chapter on the poetry of Thomas Hardy by **JOSEPH BARTON**, portraits by **WILLIAM STRANG** and **VERNON HILL**, and a bibliography by **JOHN LANE**. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

THE HANDLING OF WORDS

By **VERNON LEE**. Uniform with the collected edition of her works. Crown 8vo. 5s. net.

THE NEW BOSWELL

By **R. M. FREEMAN**, joint author of "Pepys' Diary of the Great Warr." 6s. net.

The Bodley Head Quartos

A series of reprints of Elizabethan and Jacobean pamphlets, plays, etc., which will appeal to all who are interested in English Literature, especially of the Shakespearean period. Each Quarto will be an exact reprint of the original text.

Edited by **G. B. HARRISON**. Cloth, 3s. net. Stiff boards, 2s. 6d. net.

No. 1.—*Conny Catching (Part II.) and A Notable Discovery of Coosnage (1591)*. By **ROBERT GREENE**.

No. 2.—*Four Letters especially Touching Robert Greene (1592)*. By **GABRIEL HARVEY**.

Send for List of further volumes in this series.

THE SENTRY and Other Stories

By **NICOLAI LYESKOV**. Translated by **A. E. CHAMOT**. With an introduction by **EDWARD GARNETT**. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

A book of powerful stories by a Russian author never before translated into English.

JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD LTD., VIGO STREET, W. 1

their large-scale manufacture of mustard gas and use of it to bar whole zones to the British infantry. It is quite certain that the failure of the British authorities to encourage research in poison gases after 1915, brought the British army exceedingly near to the brink of defeat; mustard gas was in large part responsible, with bad staff work, the weather and the terrain, for the failure at Ypres in 1917, and it played a distinct rôle in the great German offensives of 1918. The turn of the tide came when the French employed it for the first time in June, 1918. Poison gas and tanks were the two momentous innovations in *matériel* which appeared in the war on land, and both are likely to dominate the war of the future. The inexpediency of the agreement at Washington to ban the use of poison gas and liquids is obvious to any thinking man. It is an undertaking that places loyal nations at the mercy of the disloyal.

Mr. Buchan rightly questions the wisdom of the Armistice at the very moment when the Allies were about to gather in the immense fruit of their years of effort, and when the whole German army must have very quickly succumbed. All that has happened since has justified the doubts that were felt at the time. Germans at this moment are persuading themselves that they were not beaten in the war, but merely induced to surrender by a series of artful tricks, the credit of which belongs (according to them) in equal measure to the late Lord Northcliffe and President Wilson. Had the Hundred Days Battle of 1918 culminated in a surrender, tenfold in magnitude that at Sedan, such an argument on their part would be impossible; and it would be better for Germany herself.

A NOVELIST AS PHILOSOPHER

The New Idealism. By May Sinclair. Macmillan. 14s. net.

MISS SINCLAIR'S second essay in philosophy is written with the blitheness the first would lead us to expect. It is to be regretted that her high spirits occasionally lead her to raise her voice unduly. And it is still more regrettable that the book was finished apparently too soon for use to be made of Mr. Bertrand Russell's 'Analysis of Mind' which, with the promised parallel volume on Matter, is likely to constitute a landmark in modern philosophy. For this reason a realist who has abandoned the crudities of naïve realism and, finding critical realism creates as many problems as it solves, has followed Mr. Russell in his daring blend of "sensationalism, behaviourism and phenomenism," will probably feel that a good many of Miss Sinclair's criticisms are wasted on him—or rather have been anticipated.

Miss Sinclair devotes two-thirds of her book to critical preparations for the thesis she is afterwards to develop. The views advocated by Professors Laird, Broad, Whitehead and Alexander are examined and discussed with some minuteness. No one of their various forms of realism, it is contended, really affords a tenable solution of the fundamental problems of philosophy. In particular they all come to grief, thinks the author, in the accounts they give of perceptions, and in their alleged solutions of the antinomies of space and time. After this lengthy and valuable critical preface, we are given an attempt at a reconstruction of idealism which takes account of what is thought valid in the new idealism, more particularly in the superb and imposing system of Professor Alexander.

The uninitiated will find that the novelist-philosopher advances where the non-mathematician dare not follow. It does indeed look as though you could (in the idiom of the author) go on indefinitely shovelling in your infinities without ever getting rid of "the discreteness of points or instants." Transfinite numbers, the mathematician assures us, have the property that they are not increased by the addition of one nor decreased

by the subtraction of one. And after that one is hardly inclined to be sceptical about any of the infinite's characteristics or abilities.

In the constructive or reconstructive part of her book Miss Sinclair has, if we are not mistaken, a positive contribution to make which is likely to be of real value. She is conscious of the great attractiveness of much that realism offers and the justness of many of its criticisms of the older, that is the logical, idealism. And being painfully aware, as we all are, of the barrenness which results from the fact that realists and idealists are often arguing at cross purposes, the author develops a view which she thinks will meet the just claims of realism while allowing idealism to hold its head up. Briefly the view is that consciousness must be split up into two, primary and secondary. To primary consciousness is assigned immediate awareness, e.g., the *sensum*, *blue*; and to secondary consciousness, reflection, judgment and all scientific knowledge. Here, we think, is the most valuable part of Miss Sinclair's book. We think that she considers it possible to catch the sense impression in a more innocent and unsophisticated state than is usually the case. But with all allowance for this and other criticisms that might be made, this theory does do something to clear up the mutual misunderstandings of realism and idealism and is another interesting evidence of that approximation of opposites which is the most hopeful sign, not only in recent abstract philosophy, but in the philosophies of Art and Life.

In her general account of reality, we are less in agreement with Miss Sinclair. None the less it is interesting that at least one idealist has found Professor Alexander's theory so nearly irresistible that it has provoked a restatement of idealism in terms which owe so much to him.

MESOPOT

The Insurrection in Mesopotamia, 1920. By Sir Aylmer L. Haldane. Blackwood. 21s. net.

IN February, 1920, after a distinguished career on the Western Front and in the occupied area in Germany, General Sir Aylmer Haldane was appointed to be Commander-in-Chief in Mesopotamia. He left to take up his post in the early spring, was able to spend a few days in India to meet his predecessor, paid a short visit to Persia to examine the military and political situation there, and almost at the moment of his return to Baghdad was confronted with an insurrection of a very formidable kind, which indeed threatened the whole fruits of our victory in that hardly-fought area. With a very small force of British and Indian troops, and after many days of anxiety and many local disasters and losses General Haldane was successful in quelling the rebellion. He has now written a book which not merely describes the measures he took for the purpose and the course of the campaign, but gives for the first time a detailed and accurate picture of the conditions of British dominion in Mesopotamia, a moderately put but very careful statement of the administrative mistakes which have been committed in the area, and a forecast of the problems which await consideration by King Feisal and by the Government at home.

At a moment when our relations with the kingdom of Iraq and its British-created king are still uncertain, when alone of all the "A" mandates under the Peace Treaty the mandate for Mesopotamia is still in abeyance, and when public opinion is divided between those who are for abandoning the territory altogether and those who wish to see our commitments there carefully restricted, General Haldane's account deserves specially careful study. The insurrection itself, had it occurred in the days before our sense of military proportions had been altered by the scale of the Great War, would have made England ring with the same kind of excitement as was caused in the first years of the re-

Messrs. METHUEN'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

AUTUMN, 1922

ILLUSTRATED ANNOUNCEMENT LIST SENT ON APPLICATION

GENERAL LITERATURE

A KIPLING ANTHOLOGY—VERSE: Selected from the Poetry of Rudyard Kipling. Second edition. 6s. net. Leather, 7s. 6d. net

THE GREAT SECRET. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by Bernard Miall. 7s. 6d. net

GIVING AND RECEIVING. By E. V. LUCAS. 6s. net

FOR LOVE OF THE KING: A Burmese Masque. By OSCAR WILDE. 8s. 6d. net

THE RAINBOW CAT AND OTHER FAIRY STORIES. By ROSE FYLEMAN. 3s. 6d. net

AS YOU SEE IT. A volume of Essays. By MRS. J. L. GARVIN. 5s. net

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By RALPH NEVILL. Illustrated. 15s. net

THE PATTERN OF THE ILIAD: A Study in the Art of Homer. By J. T. SHEPPARD. 7s. 6d. net

SHAKESPEARE TO HARDY: An Anthology of English Lyrics. Selected by A. Methuen. 6s. net. Leather, 7s. 6d. net

CHIMNEYSMOKE: A Book of Lyrics. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. Illustrated. 6s. net

THE SECOND PART OF KING HENRY IV. Edited by R. P. COWL. 6s. net. [Arden Shakespeare]

THE MAKING OF THE WESTERN MIND. A short survey of European Culture. By F. MELIAN STAWELL and F. S. MARVIN. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net

GREECE AND THE ALLIES, 1914—1922. By G. F. ABBOTT. 7s. 6d. net

A HISTORY OF THE GREEK PEOPLE. By WILLIAM MILLER, M.A. 6s. net

[History of the Peoples series]

A CENTURY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS. By FLORANCE V. BARRY, B.Litt. 7s. 6d. net

RAYMOND REVISED. By SIR OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S. Abbreviated edition. Illustrated. 6s. net

WITH THE PRINCE IN THE EAST. By SIR HERBERT RUSSEL. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net

AN ALPINE A B C AND LIST OF EASY ROCK PLANTS. By A. METHUEN. 1s. 6d. net

FLASHLIGHTS. A Book of Smiles. By THOMAS JAY. 2s. 6d. net

ILLUSTRATED and GIFT BOOKS

YOU KNOW WHAT PEOPLE ARE. By E. V. LUCAS. Illustrated by George Morrow. 5s. net

"TINKER TAILOR": A Child's Guide to the Professions. By A. P. HERBERT. Illustrated by George Morrow. 3s. 6d. net

MORE DRAWINGS. By H. M. BATEMAN. 10s. 6d. net

DRAWN AT A VENTURE. By FOU GASSE. 10s. 6d. net

CHARACTERS: A Book of Drawings. By GEORGE BELCHER. 7s. 6d. net

THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS. By KENNETH GRAHAME. Illustrated by Nancy Barnhart. 10s. 6d. net

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. By S. LYLE CUMMINS. Illustrated by G. L. Stampa. Three volumes. Each 1s. 6d. net

TOPOGRAPHY and TRAVEL

WORCESTERSHIRE. By F. T. S. HOUGHTON. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Little Guides)

FOOTPRINTS IN SPAIN. By LT.-COL. H. A. NEWELL. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net

SPORT and PASTIMES

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF GOLF. By LESLIE SCHON. 5s. net

HOW TO BOX. By NORMAN CLARK. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net

HOW TO PLAY BILLIARDS. By TOM NEWMAN. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net

BEE-KEEPING FOR ALL: A Manual of Honey-Craft. By TICKNER EDWARDS. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. net

PSYCHOLOGY and MEDICINE

REMEMBERING AND FORGETTING. By T. H. PEAR, M.A. Illustrated. 6s. 6d. net

MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY AND PSYCHICAL RESEARCH. By T. W. MITCHELL, M.D. 7s. 6d. net

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CRIMINAL. By M. HAMBLIN SMITH, M.A., M.D. 6s. net

LOLA: A Contribution on the Thought and Speech of Animals. By HENNY KINDERMANN. With a Chapter on "Thinking Animals," by DR. WILLIAM MACKENZIE. 6s. net

PSYCHOLOGY AND MORALS. By J. A. HADFIELD, M.A., M.B. 6s. net

SCIENTIFIC and TECHNICAL

THE MEANING OF RELATIVITY. By ALBERT EINSTEIN. 5s. net

THE MATHEMATICAL THEORY OF RELATIVITY. By AUGUST KOPFF, Ph.D. 6s. net

THE STRUCTURE OF ATOMS. By ALFRED STOCK. 6s. net

THE QUANTUM THEORY. By FRITZ REICH. 6s. net

THE PROPERTIES OF ENGINEERING MATERIALS. By W. C. POPPLEWELL and HERBERT CARRINGTON. Illustrated. 21s. net

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE: A First Course in Ship Calculations. By W. M. GRAY, B.Sc. 12s. 6d. net

RADIO FOR EVERYBODY. By A. C. LESCARBOURA. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net

THE ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF LIGHTING AND PHOTOMETRY. By J. W. T. WALSH, M.A. 10s. 6d. net

ENGLISH COASTAL EVOLUTION. By E. M. WARD, M.A. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. net

METHUEN'S POPULAR NOVELS

GENEVRA'S MONEY. By E. V. LUCAS. 7s. 6d. net

THE GREAT GRANDMOTHER. By GEORGE A. BIRMINGHAM. 7s. 6d. net

THE MOUND. By ALICE PERRIN. 7s. 6d. net

THE PLOT. By H. C. BAILEY. 7s. 6d. net

FOUR SQUARE. By GRACE S. RICHMOND. 7s. 6d. net

THE KING. By KARL ROSNER. 7s. 6d. net

PRINCESS OF YELLOW MOON. By PETER BLUNDELL. 6s. net

THE GIRL IN THE GOLDEN ATOM. By RAY CUMMINGS. 7s. 6d. net

TROUBLE-THE-HOUSE. By KATE JORDAN. 7s. 6d. net

METHUEN & CO., Ltd., 36 Essex Street, London, W.C.2

bellion in the Sudan or in any of the Indian frontier wars. As it was it passed almost without notice in the Press. Save for such tragic incidents as the capture of Mrs. Buchanan and the murder of her husband and his companions, there was little published about it at all; certainly nothing which gave us a realization of the dangers and anxieties which General Haldane's military ability, immense activity and keen common sense so successfully surmounted.

His book must have a permanent value as a military classic on the methods of warfare appropriate to a large country with slender and irregular communications and where only a small force is at the disposal of the general in command. General Haldane has not had the temptation—nor would he have been likely to succumb to it had it been present—of making his book controversial in the manner of those of many of the generals who have put pen to paper since the Armistice. He is cautious in his conclusions, anxious to imply rather than to state what appear to have been definite criticisms of the political and military regime to which he succeeded, and sedulous to give the fullest credit by name to the junior officers on whom in this as in so many previous cases of British Colonial warfare the real burden of success or failure lay.

It is clear from General Haldane's account that the policy which handed over the administration of Mesopotamia after the Armistice to a personnel trained in the school of British Government in India, was largely mistaken. Whatever it may have been in the days of Clive, British authority in India, military and political alike, has to deal with a country relatively settled and with a people (in some provinces at any rate) with an innate respect and indeed enthusiasm for law. The methods of the district magistrate and collector, however appropriate to Bengal, became in Mesopotamia a source of discontent which grew into armed rebellion. The civil administration, indeed, was specially unsuited to a country which had just emerged from the vague but mild rule of Turkish Pashas, in which a large part of the population is either wholly or partially nomadic and in which communications make the ordinary methods of government difficult if not impossible. Administration by the transferred Indian civilian first puzzled and then exasperated the Arabs. The collection of revenue which the Turks had been prepared to take in kind and which they had exacted so far as the crops were concerned on the basis of a rule-of-thumb census, was transformed by the methods of exact accountancy appropriate to India into a powerful engine of discontent. It became, as General Haldane says, a fetish, and the chance of maintaining tranquil government at a reasonable cost was daily impaired by its operation. Moreover, as the civil administration and the herd of officials which it employed tended to become more an end than a means, it influenced the disposal of the inadequate military force in the country, and the troops, instead of being concentrated at strategic points from which columns could rapidly deal with disturbance, were scattered in small numbers at isolated and vulnerable posts, only too many of which suffered heavily when the insurrection broke out.

The civil administration's methods produced difficulties of other kinds. Though the native levies behaved with commendable fidelity during the rebellion, and are praised by General Haldane for their conduct, it became impossible to employ the classical Turkish method of taking advantage of tribal dissensions to maintain peace by a balance of forces, owing to the zeal with which it was sought to heal blood feuds between sheik and sheik. The law, moreover, was creating heavily punishable offences which to Arab morality were no offences at all. You cannot, in fact, read General Haldane's pages without seeing the immense dangers which may come from the sudden imposition of an alien and unsympathetic machine of government on a country unfitted to receive it by officials whose loyalty and industry are only an addition to the difficulties which they had created for themselves.

THE FASHION OF FIJI

The Hill Tribes of Fiji. By A. B. Brewster. Seeley, Service. 21s. net.

Cannibal-Land. By Martin Johnson. Constable, 12s. 6d. net.

British North Borneo. By Owen Rutter. Constable. 21s. net.

WE once spent a week in Fiji, and only the pressure of duty saved us from the temptation of missing the boat that was to carry us away. The most superficial view of that enchanted island fills one with longing to know it more thoroughly, and Mr. Brewster's fascinating book at last satisfies that longing. Its ample sub-title, more in the style of the eighteenth than the twentieth century, describes it with accuracy as "a record of forty years' intimate connexion with the tribes of the mountainous interior of Fiji, with a description of their habits in war and peace, methods of living, characteristics mental and physical, from the days of cannibalism to the present time." Mr. Brewster's knowledge of Fiji dates back almost to the murder of Mr. Baker in 1867. When he landed in 1870, the Suva children were singing a dirge in which that enterprising but indiscreet missionary's fate was recorded, with the refrain:

Oh! dead is Mr. Baker,
They killed him on the road,
And they ate him, boots and all.

Many years after the tragedy, when Mr. Brewster was Resident Commissioner of the Tholo North Province, he happened to hear the whole story from the actors in it, who "hotly resented the accusation of having eaten the boots. They said they were not such fools, as they knew quite well that such were adjuncts of the *vavalangi* or white men, in the same category as their guns, powder, axes, knives, etc." Mr. Brewster took part in the campaign of 1876, known as the "Little War," in which that wise and good administrator, Sir Arthur Gordon, once for all pacified the wild tribes of inland Viti Levu. He has seen the extraordinary change which has come over Fiji in the fifty years which have elapsed since it was made a Crown Colony, and in this most readable book he paints a broad and comprehensive picture of the native life, alike as it was in the old cannibal days and as it is now under British rule. How thoroughly the Fijians came to appreciate the benefits of British rule is shown by the fact that a man who had been imprisoned for ten years was elected chief when he returned to his village, because his people "thought that his sojourn in Suva jail had made him a man of the world and more capable of attending to the white gentlemen, as they politely put it, who came their way." Mr. Brewster's reminiscences form a veritable encyclopædia of the *Vakaviti*, or "fashion of Fiji."

Mr. Johnson's 'Cannibal-Land' is a cinematographic film in prose. It describes his adventures in the New Hebrides—which he first saw when a passenger in the late Mr. London's *Snark*—in search of material for the "movies." The earliest of these adventures was nearly the last, since Mr. Johnson and his wife put themselves at the mercy of a cannibal chief whose preparations for a banquet were only stopped by the accidental arrival of a gun-boat. But they got their picture, and two years later they had the unique experience of exhibiting it to the same chief, with whom they had then made friends; they did not even grumble at having to pay the audience for attending. Mrs. Johnson seems to be an extraordinarily plucky woman, and perhaps the Hebrideans were not so far wrong in regarding her as the "real boss" of the expedition.

Major Rutter has written a comprehensive and interesting account of the little State of North Borneo, a British Protectorate which has been administered for forty years by the British North Borneo Chartered

WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS'

Autumn Announcement

THE INSURRECTION IN MESOPOTAMIA, 1920

By Lieut.-General Sir AYLMER L. HALDANE, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., D.S.O. Author of "How We Escaped from Pretoria," etc. 21s. net.

"A modest but comprehensive record of a great achievement. . . . It is a great story well told, and one that should be read by anyone to whom the Empire is more than a casual aggregation of Anglo-Saxons for a selfish end."—*Glasgow Herald*.

Much that the public, which paid heavily for the Mesopotamian adventure, did not know or only half suspected is disclosed in this absorbing book, which appeals alike to every intelligent civilian as well as to the professional soldier. It is copiously illustrated with excellent photographs, many of which were taken from aeroplanes.

OUT OF PRISON

By SYDNEY C. GRIER. Author of "The Strong Hand," "The Flag of the Adventurer," etc., etc. 7s. 6d. net.

Napoleon had disappeared into the welter of mud and blood which was Russia, and Europe was stirring uneasily, wondering whether the strong hand which had held her in captivity so long was no more. But he returned, desperately determined to make his power evident to those who had doubted it. No one was too insignificant to serve his purpose. The foundling who might or might not be the lost heir to a duchy, the Princess who had refused her elderly suitor, her non-royal lover, her blind grandmother—all were drawn into the net of his schemes, and found release only with his fall.

MURDER DISQUALIFIES

By ALAN GRAHAM. Author of "Follow the Little Pictures," "The Voyage Home." 7s. 6d. net.

"Mr. Alan Graham always has a thrilling yarn to spin."—*Glasgow Herald*.

"Its fun is hilarious and rattling, and runs to the practical joke, yet a certain pawky seriousness salts its humour. Like many of the best of its kind, it finds an encouraging scene in Scotland, but anywhere and always it gives the chance for a diverting imbroiglio."—*Morning Post*.

THE TERROR BY NIGHT

By GEORGE W. GOUGH. Author of "The Yeoman Adventurer." 7s. 6d. net.

"Episodes in the life of a mysterious 'gentleman of the road,' who has his name and place in society in the age when Walpole was Minister, when Johnson frequented the London coffee-houses, and when highwaymen infested the turnpike to Bath. The 'Terror,' an 18th century Robin Hood, sets himself to redress the wrongs and shortcomings of wicked people who keep within the letter of the law."—*Scotsman*.

ADDITION TO BLACKWOOD'S POPULAR 2s. SERIES.

FOUR-FIFTY MILES TO FREEDOM

By Captain M. A. B. JOHNSTON and Captain K. D. YEARSLEY.

"The story is stranger than fiction."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

TALES OF THE R.I.C.

"It is the most wonderful book full of breathless adventures, and should be read by every Englishman who takes an interest in Irish affairs."—*Newsagent and Booksellers Review*.

"Whenever things happen there someone is sure to be who can give well-drawn pictures which seem as a matter of course to get into 'Blackwood.'"—*Morning Post*.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE

Subscribers both at home and abroad can have "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE" sent post free for 30s. yearly, or 15s. for 6 months from

WM. BLACKWOOD & SONS, 45 George Street, Edinburgh
37 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

Company. During this time the country, which is about half the size of England, has been converted from a neglected tropical wilderness into a "scene of patient toil and industry." Major Rutter, who was formerly a Government officer and is now a planter in North Borneo, describes the romantic origin of the Company and its methods of administration, the prospects of agriculture—rubber and tobacco are at present the most remunerative crops—the indications of mineral wealth, native customs and daily life. North Borneo is a country, he says, in which no European should remain longer than four years at a time; but it is a land of great possibilities, and living is cheaper there than almost anywhere in the world to-day.

GEORGE GISSING

George Gissing. An Appreciation. By May Yates. Longmans. 6s. net.

WE do not know to what extent George Gissing's novels are now read by those of the new generation who are interested in literature, but we learn from the volume before us that many of them are out of print. It would be a pity they should be forgotten, though not perhaps a very great pity. They are the work of a genuine writer, of a man exigent of the best in himself and content with nothing less than the right word and the right phrase. But as to their picture of the life they portray and the emotions they express, there is not much to be deeply regretted in the loss. The life, a portion of the superficially drearier and more squalid and sordid side of London (we are speaking, of course, of the bulk and the average of them) is seen from an angle which prevents the observer from seeing anything but a part, and not the most vital part, of the whole, and the emotions, weariness, discontent, despair, lack something which should make them inevitable and therefore memorable. Gissing had the misfortune as a young man to live in great poverty and in sordidly depressing surroundings. The period was not so long as was generally supposed, but it was long enough to give him a personal bitterness against them. He regarded these surroundings with hatred and contempt and never or seldom dwelt on the kindness and helpfulness and humour which made such surroundings more tolerable to those Londoners to whom they are more natural than to such a one as himself—a young man of scholarly education and sensitive temperament. That the feeling was personal is shown by the fact that as his own fortunes improved, his writing, even on the same sort of theme, grew less bitter. All this was natural enough, but it is not from such causes that "great art" is likely to come or, as we think, came in his case. He does not seem, indeed, really to have been interested in the sort of humanity and surroundings in which he placed his protagonists: they were merely a dismal background. As for the protagonists themselves, Miss Yates claims that "Gissing's greatest achievement is undoubtedly his delineation of the young man of the period." This is unfair to the young man of that period and would be unfair to the young man of any period. Gissing's young men are fortunately anything but representative. They exist; their discontent and rebellion and introspectiveness and lack of strength and vitality are real; fortunately, however, they are exceptional. It is easy to sympathize with them, if difficult not to be irritated by them, but—well, we doubt if they are well worth remembering. The best of Gissing, we think, was in his critical work. He had scholarship and reading, an assured standard and a delicate appreciation. He could say things of point and value. Miss Yates quotes from his work on Dickens. "A master's general conception of the human tragedy or comedy must be accepted as that without which his work could not take form. Dickens has just as much right to his optimism in the world of art as Balzac to his bitter smile." That is sound and far-reaching in

principle and many such valuable passages could be cited. It was a pity he could not write more criticism, more books like his Dickens and his 'Ryecroft Papers,' and we are glad to see that the latter book, unlike the novels, goes from edition to edition. Miss Yates's appreciation is a sound and thorough piece of work. The subject is obviously sympathetic to her, but she never loses the critical sense and sees it in a right perspective.

CRIMINALS AND PRISONS

The Psychology of Misconduct, Vice and Crime. By Bernard Hollander. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

The Psychology of the Criminal. By M. Hamblin Smith. Methuen. 6s. net.

English Prisons To-day. Edited by Stephen Hobhouse and A. Fenner Brockway. Longmans. 25s. net.

THE Hebrews defined the criminal as one who had not the fear of God before his eyes, but walked after the lusts of the flesh. The modern criminologist regards him as a person in whom "the absence of guiding or inhibiting social instincts is accompanied by unusual developments of the sensual and self-seeking impulses." The three books now before us furnish many illustrations of these two definitions, which of course express the same essential meaning in different phraseology. They deal respectively with the criminal potential, active and passive. Dr. Bernard Hollander bases his thoughtful work on the valuable observations which he has made in the course of twenty-five years of medical practice on the "cases of moral derangement" which have been submitted to him for treatment. Dr. Hamblin Smith has had twenty-three years' experience of the actual criminal in local and convict prisons, and during the past three years has been specially employed in examining offenders from courts in Birmingham and the adjacent districts. Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway publish the lengthy results of the inquiry into our existing prison system which was undertaken in 1919 by the Labour Research Department. They have the unusual advantage of both having spent some considerable time in prison, as conscientious objectors, so that their inner knowledge of the system may perhaps be set off against the refusal of the Prison Commissioners to give any official support to the inquiry.

All three books deserve respectful attention from students of criminology. The lesson towards which they all tend is that of Samuel Butler—that criminals should be sent to hospital for treatment rather than to prison for punishment. Dr. Hollander quotes Mr. Justice Stephen's *obiter dictum* that, if a man cannot help committing a crime, the law cannot help sending him to prison. Our primary duty, he adds, speaking as a physician to physicians, is "not to save the individual man from punishment, but to study such brain disorders and prevent them leading to crime." Dr. Hamblin Smith holds that a criminal court is "in the position of a prescriber of treatment." Just as the modern physician calls in the X-ray operator and the bacteriologist to assist his diagnosis, the judge ought to call in the aid of the trained mental examiner before passing sentence. Birmingham, as we believe, is at present the only city which has definitely adopted this scheme, and Dr. Hamblin Smith's lucid summary of his observations in such a post is a most valuable and interesting document.

The evidence which Messrs. Hobhouse and Brockway have edited as to the actual effect of imprisonment on the criminal shows that, while the normal prison may be a useful deterrent, it is seldom successful as a reformatory agent. A great deal of this evidence must be read with cautious consideration of the standpoint

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN Ltd.**The Nineteen Hundreds**

By REGINALD AUBERON.

12s. 6d.

"It gives us a living, breathing picture of the way 'nobodies' (not necessarily nonentities) lived in a spacious London that vanished in 1914. It is a picture of London life as it was. That is why, when more pretentious autobiographies have been cast into the waste-paper basket of oblivion, it will be read with delight."—*Morning Post*.

Secret Sects of Syria & the Lebanon

By BERNARD H. SPRINGETT.

12s. 6d.

"It should captivate the Masonic student and seeker after knowledge."—*Evening Standard*.

Rugby Football

By D. R. GENT.

6s.

"It is one of the most delightful books dealing with Rugby football. . . . It happily brings the literature on the game up-to-date, and in many respects one may say that the best wine has been kept to the last. . . . There is not one dull page in the book. . . . The true lover of the game will want to read it at one sitting, and then read again. . . . No true Rugger man should miss it."—*Daily News*.

Psychology of Social Life

By CHARLES PLATT, M.D.

Just Out. 12s. 6d.

The author here treats of the social aspects of such instincts as sex, fear, and fighting; of customs and convention; of mass action. From the data thus provided he proceeds to erect psychological idea of society, and to trace his conclusions as to the possibility and manner of social reform.

A Study in Moral Problems

By B. M. LAING, M.C., M.A., Lecturer in Philosophy, Sheffield University.

12s. 6d.

"It is very ably written. The author expounds his own view with steady purpose. . . . His aim is to define the necessary conditions of a science of ethics, and he turns down all high-sounding but vague generalisations and will allow no mystic value to attach to reason."—*Times*.

The Psychology of Misconduct, Vice and Crime

By BERNARD HOLLANDER, M.D.

7s. 6d.

"It is unusual in these days to find an eminent mental specialist producing a book upon his subject in a language that proves intelligible and extraordinarily interesting to the ordinary reader."—*Westminster Gazette*.

Studies in Psychoanalysis

An account of 27 concrete cases preceded by a Theoretical Exposition. By PROF. C. BAUDOUIN, Author of "Suggestion and Auto-suggestion," etc. Translated by E. and C. PAUL.

October 17th. 12s. 6d.

The Experiences of an Asylum Patient

With an Introduction by Dr. MONTAGU LOMAX, M.R.C.S., Author of "The Experiences of an Asylum Doctor."

6s. net.

"... this extraordinary book. If her charges are true, they are a terrible indictment against the administration of lunatic asylums. . . . Readers can only judge for themselves of the truth of this strange and terrible story. . . . written with simplicity and without exaggeration."—*Morning Post*.

The Problem of China

By BERTRAND RUSSELL, F.R.S.

7s. 6d.

"A stimulating contribution to our understanding of these Oriental forms of civilisation."—*Times*.

The Economics of Unemployment

By J. A. HOBSON.

October 17th. 4s. 6d.

Mr. Hobson applies to all remedies for unemployment the test, Does it tend towards greater equalisation of incomes? and shows that no increased productivity is economically valid unless accompanied by improved distribution. Wage reductions, by further restricting popular consumption, can only aggravate the malady.

The Beacon

Monthly 1s. 6d. Annual Subscription 20s. October Issue Now Ready.

The Beacon deals broadly and constructively with four essential subjects—Education, Religion, Art and Science—and endeavours to express adequately the new ideals of which each is urgently in need.

Ruskin House, Museum Street, London W.C.1.

Macmillan's List

RUDYARD KIPLING

A KIPLING ANTHOLOGY—PROSE

Fcap. 8vo. Cloth, 6s. net. Leather, 7s. 6d. net.

RUDYARD KIPLING'S WORKS

UNIFORM EDITION. 22 Vols. 7s. 6d. net per vol.

POCKET EDITION. 23 Vols. Limp leather, 7s. 6d.

net. Blue cloth, 6s. net per vol.

THE SERVICE KIPLING. 26 Vols. Blue cloth, 3s. net each.

HUGH WALPOLE'S NEW NOVEL

THE CATHEDRAL

By HUGH WALPOLE. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Large paper Edition. Limited to 250 copies. Demy 8vo. 18s. net.

MR. W. L. COURTNEY in the *Daily Telegraph* :—"The Cathedral" is certainly one of the best pieces of work which the author of 'The Dark Forest,' 'The Green Mirror,' 'Fortitude,' and other well-known novels has given us."

WHO WAS JANE?

A Story for Young People of all ages. By EVELYN

SHARP. With 8 full-page Illustrations in Black-and-

White by CHARLES E. BROCK. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

net.

WITH PLATES IN COLOUR.

MAUD. A Monodrama

By ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. With 8 full-

page Plates in Colour, and numerous Illustrations

in Black-and-White, by EDMUND J. SULLIVAN.

Medium 8vo. 10s. net.

Large Paper Edition, limited to 500 copies, each copy signed by the artist. Super royal 8vo. 30s. net.

OWEN WISTER'S NEW BOOK.

NEIGHBOURS HENCEFORTH

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The *Times* :—"Through the country by Amiens, through Albert, Bapaume, St. Quentin; again through Meaux, up to the Marne and to Château-Thierry; then to the 'great shrine' of Reims, Mr. Wister conducts us, bringing scene after scene before our mental eye with endless resource and skill in delicate word-painting."

ESSAYS IN THE LAW

By the RIGHT HON. SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK,

Bart., LL.D., D.C.L., K.C. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

WILFRID GIBSON'S NEW BOOK.

KRINDLESYKE

By WILFRID GIBSON, Author of "Livelihood,"

etc. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

The *Times* :—"In 'Krindlesyke' we welcome and applaud a return to the spirit of 'Fires' and 'Daily Bread.' . . . In moments of heightened excitement, of which Mr. Gibson gives us many, his blank verse is fine and convincing."

NEW EDITION REVISED AND WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION.

LABRADOR:**The Country and the People**

By WILFRED T. GRENFELL, C.M.G., etc., and

others. With Maps and Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 12s. net.

THE LHOTA NAGAS

By J. P. MILLS, I.C.S. With an introduction and

Supplementary Notes by J. H. HUTTON, C.I.E.

With Frontispiece in Colour, Maps and other Illustrations. 8vo. 25s. net.

SECOND EDITION. With a New Chapter on "Einstein's Theory."

THE GENERAL PRINCIPLE OF RELATIVITY IN ITS PHILOSOPHICAL and HISTORICAL ASPECT

By H. WILDON CARR, D.Litt., Professor of Philo-

sophy in the University of London. Second Edition.

Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Macmillan & Co., Ltd., London, W.C. 2

from which it is tendered. We cannot help smiling when we read the editors' indignation at the lack of privacy in prison sanitary arrangements, and compare these with corresponding conditions in the trenches. But the critical reader, even though he discounts some of the statements as obviously biased, will find much of value in this bulky volume. We are glad to see that the editors regard the experimental prison for preventive detention at Camp Hill as indicating the possibility of a step forward "in the direction of transforming our prisons into centres of re-education and of healing."

SIR LANDON RONALD

Variations on a Personal Theme. By Sir Landon Ronald. Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.

SIR LANDON RONALD has yielded to the prevalent epidemic of memoir-writing, for which he seems to be neither better nor worse equipped than the average sufferer from this national disease. Sir Landon is a musician of a talent so high as to approach genius in certain directions. Moreover, he is and always has been a hard worker. He has some of the most characteristic qualities and limitations of his race, which are well illustrated in his book. He is eager and enthusiastic, appreciative of merit in others, has an eye constantly to the main chance, has dignity and generosity, and a not always impeccable taste. He has a genuine sense of humour, and it is this which gives a kind of savour to what we fear is otherwise a somewhat dull volume. Sir Landon is a master of the *cliché*; and we read in his pages of singers who "created a furore," pianists who "took the audience by storm," and people who were "admirable raconteurs." There is the usual dedication to friends, "but for whose encouragement," etc., etc. In short it is a case of one who is a virtuoso in music grinding out the five-finger exercises of prose. Sir Landon likes successful people, and is happy to be one of them. There is nothing about art in his book—only about success. Knowing how good a musician he is, we should have liked him to try and say something on the subject of music itself, of the technicalities of orchestral work, and of his own spiritual and technical experiences as a musician and a composer. But on these interesting subjects he is silent, as he is on the subject of his father, who surely deserved a word or two in a book of memoirs by his successful son. The truth is that autobiographies which are not extremely frank are apt to be extremely dull.

GOYA'S PORTRAITS

Goya as Portrait Painter. By A. de Beruete y Moret. Constable. 52s. 6d. net.

IN choosing the portraits by Goya as the subject of his monograph, the late Señor Beruete has been faced with material which is distinguished by rather a variable standard of artistic excellence: for while there are certain portraits by Goya which count among the most striking and unforgettable of the master's performances—and that is saying a great deal—there are a good many others which were painted essentially as a matter of routine and come as near being dull and commonplace as anything that flowed out of Goya's brush ever can. Speaking generally, one very interesting aspect of Goya's work as a portrait painter springs from its symptomatic value in disclosing the amazing *dégringolade* which by that time had taken place in the world of the Spanish court and aristocracy, and which tells with all the greater effect since Goya in his methods of composition often deliberately revives memories of Velasquez. As portrayed on Goya's canvases, the contemporaries of the artist seem engaged upon one joint enterprise of giving a burlesque of the seventeenth century, with its all-pervading solemnity and grandeur: the queen of Charles IV,

Maria Louisa, may assume the pose and copy the fashions of Philip IV's Donna Masiana: nothing can conceal from us the fact that she is but a queen of comic opera.

Señor Beruete has a very thorough command of the material of his study: but while conveying a lot of information, his volume is a little loose and discursive in its style as well as provincial in its outlook, and will probably in most cases be consulted as a work of reference and perused as a picture book rather than read through from cover to cover. Much care has evidently been expended on the reproductions, and these include in addition to many works which are familiar to all who have taken some interest in the subject, quite a number of others which will be new to many people: as, for instance, the enchanting 'Portrait of the Marquess de Pontejos,' to whose frail, slender figure, seen at full length, additional value is given by the contrast with the tiny pug-dog in the extreme foreground—a device of typically Goyaesque impertinence. The two portraits of Goya's son Mariano (plates 34, 35) will be of particular interest to anyone wishing to appreciate to its full extent the indebtedness of Manet to the Spanish master; and the haunting portrait (now in a famous collection at New York) of the victorious army commander, then—in 1812—only a little over forty and still but 'Lord Wellington,' is an iconographic document of no little piquancy and charm. The little bust portrait of Wellington, by Goya, belonging to the Duke of Leeds, which Señor Beruete evidently refers to, though not stating its ownership, fully deserves the praise which is here given it, on the strength of reproductions only.

RICHMOND MEMORIES

Memories of Old Richmond. By Estella Cave. Murray. 16s. net.

LADY CAVE'S beautiful home at Richmond stands on the site of the ancient palace in which Edward III and Elizabeth died. Mr. Alfred Noyes has celebrated the peacefulness of the garden where

the rambling golden-cruised roofs
Of the mellow old house

peep over

the white-bloomed Japanese cherry
And delicate purple sprays of the Judas-tree.

Lady Cave has been fortunately inspired to make a delightful book from the facts which it has been one of the amusements of her life to collect about the old palace and its occupants. She gives a happy description of her literary method when she says that she likes "to skim along the surface of the old traditions, and see in them all you can, take in all you can, while you have time." Her extremely feminine point of view is shown by her chapter on Henry VIII, a horrid man who was always having trouble with his wives—"after all these years it seems curious that one can feel such overpowering indignation as you do when you think about this amazing man." His brilliant youth at Richmond is perfectly real to Lady Cave—"it is a pity he did not die then, before he made his life so hideous a thing." Perhaps this womanly *parti pris* would not be a good equipment for a historian, but it is a great assistance in writing a lively book. And the great charm of the volume now before us is its unflinching liveliness—such a liveliness as in the past we have learnt to associate specially with the name of Mrs. Thrale, who must have had some mental resemblance to the author. Lady Cave helps us to understand why those who live in Richmond regard it as more than "just a suburb of London"—rather as "a backwater where you can watch the stream whirling past you, and if you are wise you will let it whirl and attend to your garden." We must add a word of praise for the elegant topographical drawings with which Mr. George Brandram has adorned the work which he suggested.

Charles Scribner's Sons Preliminary List of Autumn Publications

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE, by Augustus Thomas. 8vo. Cloth, 16s. net (Prov.).

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL, by Ernest Peixotto. With numerous illustrations by the Author. 8vo. Cloth 15s. net.

A DAUGHTER OF NAPOLEON. Memoirs of Emilie de Pellapra, Comtesse de Brigode. With an introduction by Princess Bibesco, and a preface by Frederic Masson. Illustrated. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

THE CRISIS OF THE CHURCHES, by Rev. Leighton Parks, D.D. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

THE TOCSIN OF REVOLT, by Brander Matthews. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net.

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY OF INSTINCT, by Charles Conant Josey. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

HUMAN NATURE IN THE BIBLE, by William Lyon Phelps. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 10s. 6d. net (Prov.).

The Evolution of the Earth and its Inhabitants

This is to be the general title of a projected series of books, which will describe in the light of the latest investigations and discoveries the formation of worlds, the evolution of species and the emergence and development of man. Each book in the series will be written by a leading authority in his particular field, and the subject will be handled in such a manner that it will be perfectly intelligible to the average reader for whose information it is primarily intended. The following will appear this autumn.

THE MECHANISM OF EVOLUTION: IN THE LIGHT OF HEREDITY AND DEVELOPMENT, by Edwin Grant Conklin. With Maps and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 18s. net (Prov.).

THE RACIAL HISTORY OF MAN, by Roland B. Dixon. With Maps and Illustrations. Cr. 8vo. Cloth, 18s. net (Prov.).

Scribner's Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly Magazine of Art, Literature and Drama, Biography, Fiction, Travel, Education, Natural Science, Economics, Philosophy and Sociology.

FAMOUS FOR ITS FICTION

Scribner's has always been that—you will not fail to find in every issue a selection of clever stories from the pens of the foremost living masters of the art of short-story writing.

EXCELS IN ILLUSTRATION

Many of the leading artists and illustrators of the day contribute regularly, and the perfection of the methods of reproduction employed has always been one of the leading features of Scribner's

FOUR MONTHLY DEPARTMENTS.

The Financial Situation. By Alexander Dana Noyes

A sane, unsensational exposition each month of current, financial and economic changes. Bankers, business men, and investors read and appreciate it.

The Point of View

Bright and discursive essays on anything and everything.

The Field of Art

Painting, sculpture, illustration, and every phase of art discussion.

As I like It By Professor Wm. Lyon Phelps

In this monthly meditation Mr. Phelps discusses new books, new plays, music—anything connected with literature and the arts.

Annual Subscription, post paid, 28s.; single copies, 2s. (post paid, 2s. 4d.). Sample copy sent on receipt of 4d. postage.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 7 BEAK ST., W.1.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Modern France. A Companion to French Studies. Edited by ARTHUR TILLEY, M.A. With 12 plates. Demy 8vo. 35s. net. This book is a companion volume to Mr Tilley's **Medieval France**, recently published, 25s. net.

"Of whatever the student be in search he will find here, if not the thing itself, directions for finding it. Indeed, we do not think there exists any one book of this size which will provide us with the same amount of information on medieval England as this on medieval France."—*The Times Literary Supplement* on *Medieval France*.

The French Tradition in Education. Ramus to Mme Necker de Saussure. By H. C. BARNARD, M.A., B.Litt. With 8 plates and 2 maps. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

There are many aspects of the history of education in France which have not yet been presented to readers in this country or even, in any detail, in France itself, and it is with the object of filling in some of the existing lacunae that the present volume has been prepared.

History of Switzerland, 1499-1914 By WILHELM OECHSLI, late Professor of Swiss History at the University of Zurich. With 3 maps. Demy 8vo. 20s. net. Cambridge Historical Series.

"We cordially welcome this new volume in the Cambridge Historical Series, which will supply a want that has long been felt. . . . It is written throughout with a fullness of knowledge. . . . A book which every student will find sound and useful."

The Times Literary Supplement.

The Beggar's Opera. Its Predecessors and Successors. By FRANK KIDSON. With a portrait of Gay and 7 illustrations. Foolscap 8vo. 5s. net.

"Mr Frank Kidson has succeeded in preparing a delightful volume, and those who love *The Beggar's Opera* will welcome all that he has discovered of its history by careful research which has evidently been a labour of love."—*The Court Journal*.

English Verse: Old and New.

An Anthology. Edited by G. C. F. MEAD, M.A., and R. C. CLIFT, B.A., Masters at Aldenham School. Fcap 8vo. 6s. net. School edition, 4s. 6d.

An anthology, in which the old and the new are boldly associated on an original plan, based on a conviction that there is need for a collection of poems of direct appeal, drawn from ancient as well as modern sources, between the covers of a single book.

Stories of the Victorian Writers.

By Mrs. HUGH WALKER. With 8 illustrations. Crown 8vo. 5s. net. School edition, 3s. 6d.

The aim of this little volume is to induce those readers—whether young or old—who are not already familiar with the great Victorians to seek at least a bowing acquaintance with them and their work.

The History of the Mansion House. By SYDNEY PERKS, F.S.A., F.S.I., F.R.I.B.A., City Surveyor to the Corporation of the City of London. With 35 plates and 67 plans. Royal 8vo. 35s. net.

"Mr Perks has steered clear, on the one hand, of the Scylla of sketchy incompleteness, and, on the other hand, of the Charybdis of voluminous dry as dust data; and the result is a work at once authoritative and eminently readable."—*The City Press*.

Essays on the Depopulation of Melanesia. Edited by W. H. R. RIVERS, M.D., F.R.S. With a Preface by SIR EVERARD IM THURN, K.C.M.G., K.B.E., C.B. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

The chief purpose of this volume is to call attention to the approaching extinction of a picturesque people, and to put forward suggestions for measures by which they may not only be preserved, but be enabled to take their part in making the fertility of their islands of use to their fellow-men.

Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

C. F. Clay, Manager

New Fiction

BY GERALD GOULD

The Optimist. By E. M. Delafield. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net.*Follow My Leader.* By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.*Peradventure.* By Robert Keable. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

THERE have been many definitions of optimism. The wittiest, I think, was that which declared that an optimist has something the matter with his eyes, while a pessimist has something the matter with his feet. Miss Delafield's optimist, however, has something the matter with his soul. His cheerfulness is predatory. He rises by depressing others. He exercises the unconscious tyranny of those who do what they want in the conviction that it is what God wants—those in whom sincerity is indistinguishable from the fine art of being blind to their own insincerity, and in whom spontaneity has become automatic. Mrs. Hamilton's politician holds precisely the opposite views to those of Miss Delafield's clergyman: he is completely cynical, where the other is completely sentimental, frankly impatient and domineering where the other is oppressively genial: he preaches "Get on or get out" where the other preaches Christianity: but he embodies precisely the same contradiction. He too must make the laws of life to fit himself: he too can call up blindness as an ally: he too has the vampire-personality, the genius for egotism, which makes a man seem a hero until you find out that he isn't: he too is tolerant of everything save that which needs his toleration. A tolerant smile is often the mask of the completest refusal to understand: and the tolerance of intolerance is a dreadful thing.

Miss Delafield, however, tries to have it both ways. Canon Morchard is not to be a humbug after all—that would be too crude. We are to be convinced of the real beauty, humility, unselfishness which lie behind his awful spate of breezy and affectionate talk. But it is too late. The talk is all very well—here is a specimen of it:

I yield to no one, as you young folk here should readily admit, in my appreciation of the lighter side of life. I believe, indeed, that I have poked some shrewd enough fun in my day at those who would have us believe that this world is a gloomy place.

There is nothing in those rolling periods incompatible with courage or kindness. But the Canon's whole life is an outrage on the very individuality, the sacred separateness, of his associates, and especially of his own children. He breaks and ruins their lives, and forgives them for it. Such monsters exist, and doubtless, like the rest of us, have redeeming qualities; but to admire them on the ground that they are rather nice monsters after all is more than should be asked of us.

Mrs. Hamilton's difficulties seem no less deliberately incurred, but they are more external, and therefore more easily conquered. She has conquered—that is the outstanding fact. Within its compass, within its self-imposed limitations, her book is a triumph. But consider the difficulties first. Her plot requires, not one extraordinary man, but two extraordinary men—and, in the sense required, "there are no extraordinary men." These dominating and compelling personalities, these people who impose themselves everywhere as though by magic, who draw others serenely into their orbit, simply do not in actual experience exist. Mrs. Hamilton succeeds in convincing us for the moment, for the purpose of her story, that they do exist—and exist in contemporary politics. That brings us to the second difficulty. A purely imaginary work has only to make us believe that something would happen: an historical romance has only to make us believe that something may have happened: but a romance of contemporary politics has to make us believe that something is happening when we know perfectly well that

it isn't. Every touch of verisimilitude demands verification, which is just what it cannot get. Heriot is a superlatively handsome member of Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet. Though no individual portrait is intended, yet, instinctively, immediately, we run over in our minds all the superlatively handsome members of Mr. Lloyd George's Cabinet that we know: and that delays us ever so long. Sandy Colquhoun is a rising Labour leader. Another delay! He falls in love with Heriot's daughter, and she with him: and that is the third difficulty. For could any more hackneyed situation be conceived? The thesis is laid out, one would think, far too neatly. For not only is Heriot a Cabinet Minister: he is a great employer of labour. And of course Colquhoun is the leader of the men in Heriot's works, and of course he is dismissed. And of course when Heriot, on accession to the Cabinet, has to fight a by-election, his opponent is Colquhoun! Incredible though it sounds, Mrs. Hamilton forces our minds away from these conventionalities. For one thing, she is so very unconventional in the treatment of conventional themes. Heriot, discovering that Colquhoun is at least an intimate friend of his daughter's, instead of stamping and swearing and declaring that his grey hairs are being brought in sorrow to the front page of the illustrated papers, uses the fact to try to discredit Colquhoun with the Communists! Mrs. Hamilton compels the attention. When she describes a political meeting, it is as though we were there: and when she keeps us waiting for the counting of the votes at the by-election, the thrill is of the same kind as that which the more unsophisticated of us can still get from the cinematograph.

This narrative ardour can co-exist with crudity of characterization: but Mrs. Hamilton's characterization is anything but crude. It is simple—a different matter! It is even a little artificially simplified. But it is perfectly harmonized with the theme. How, indeed, could one be so tightly gripped by the incidents, if the characters were only incidental?

With 'Peradventure' we come back to the question of tolerance. Mr. Keable writes, one guesses, with a purpose. He tells, with passionate sincerity, of a boy's development through the appeals of various faiths. Just as Mrs. Hamilton's book takes for granted a lively interest in politics and yet might give pause to readers of particular political views, so Mr. Keable assumes an interest like his own in questions of faith and yet may offend the orthodox of this church or that. His Paul Kestern begins as an eager Evangelical, goes over to the very verge of Roman Catholicism, and ends in a vague acceptance of the world's beauty. The book might have been called 'The Optimist,' like Miss Delafield's, but with a different inflection and intention. We gather that, if the drama of life is not "all right on the night," at any rate the lark's on the wing and the snail's on the thorn in the morning. But what about the snails that can't find a thorn? Just at the end of his spiritual pilgrimage, Paul goes with a girl whom he loves to a low music-hall at Port Sudan. Paul is outraged: Ursula rebukes him:

"... you were angry because she was naked. That was beastly, immoral—that being what she was she gloried in her body and her grace. Well, it was not beastly to me, especially in her. What else had she to glory in? Why should she not have gloried in her body? Is a beautiful body beastly? She danced natural passion—is natural passion immoral?"

Possibly Mr. Keable thinks that here he is being broad-minded. To me, the conjunction of the question: "Why should she not have gloried in her body?" with the question: "What else had she to glory in?" is merely shocking. The whole problem is this—that there should exist human beings of whom another human being can say that they have nothing but bodies to glory in. The world is beautiful, true: but to make a religion out of that is to ignore the fact that it is also ugly. One cannot but admire Mr. Keable's honesty and charity: the vividness of his writing is remarkable: but his conclusion is very unsatisfactory.

BALE'S EARLY AUTUMN LIST

Trebled Price

By "Y." Crown 8vo. Cloth. 4s. 6d. net.
With a preface by Dr. MARY SCHARLIEB,
C.B.E., M.D., M.S., J.P. [Just ready.

"The characters of the young lovers are truly drawn, lovable and almost uninteresting in their fidelity to the figures of everyday English life. And then with deep sympathy is drawn Revelation and the realisation that there are inexorable rules of life, against which there is no appeal. It is a book that should be read—and digested."—*The Bookman*.

Our Centenarian Grandfather, 1790-1890

By A. G. BRADLEY. From the MSS. Autobiography of the Rev. B. Philpot, Fellow of Ch. Coll., Camb., Vicar-General and Archdeacon of the Isle of Man, Rector of Gt. Cressingham, etc., etc. With a preface by MARGARET L. WOODS and contributions by Lady BIRCHENOUGH and Mrs. ROBERT NOËL. Demy 8vo. About 12s. 6d. net. [In the Press.

FICTION

Cr. 8vo. Cloth. 7s. 6d. net each

Nearly ready

RHODA HEMSTED, WIDOW. By Mrs. Neville Cubitt [October 16th

AN ODD MAN'S MARRYING. By Oxford Somerset [October 30th

STORM BIRDS. By Dorothy Ewens

POOLS OF THE PAST. By Charles Procter

THE ROMANCE OF RACHEL. By Marian Comyn

THE GREATER PUNISHMENT. By Stephen Chalmers

AFTERGLOW. By Edith Thomson

THE EYES OF THE VILLAGE. By Anice Terhune

OLD FIGHTING DAYS. By E. R. Punshon

JOHN BALE, SONS & DANIELSSON, Ltd.
83-91 Great Titchfield Street, London, W. 1

New GYLDENDAL Books

Autumn Announcements

MODERN TROUBADOURS

By LENA ASHWELL, O.B.E.

5/- net

A RECORD OF THE CONCERT PARTIES AT THE FRONT.

This book is of interest, not only in giving a somewhat new impression of the Great War, but as a record of a new departure which in time may lead to the position of the great arts in relation to national life being greatly changed. The human interest of the book is great, and the evidence of the power of well-directed emotion is remarkable.

THE LONG JOURNEY, FIRE AND ICE

By JOHANNES V. JENSEN

7/6 net

A story of adventure—the greatest adventure in the history of mankind—telling with vivid realism and much underlying humour how the white man became white and acquired the powers of self-reliance which made him master of the world.

THE GARLAND

By SIGRID UNDSET

7/6 net

A masterly historical novel of 14th Century Norway. The story of Kristin's early betrothal and of the wild love romance that breaks it is told in "The Garland" in scenes of intense dramatic effect.

DOWNSTREAM

By SIGFRID SIWERTZ

7/6 net

One of the most absorbing novels produced in recent years. Sigfrid Siwertz has rapidly come to the front among Swedish novelists, and this, his most important work to date, has firmly established him in the first rank.

DRY FISH AND WET: Tales from a Norwegian Seaport

By ELIAS KRÆMMER

Elias Kræmmer has done for his own country what Mr. W. W. Jacobs has done for the East Coast of England. The English reader will feel at home among these near relations of his.

ATHEISM IN PAGAN ANTIQUITY

By Prof. A. B. DRACHMANN

7/6 net

DANISH COMMERCIAL READER

With Elementary Grammar.

By HELENE FENGER

6/- net

Write for New and Complete List

GYLDENDAL, 11 Hanover Sq., W. 1

NOVELS FOR THE TRAIN

READING in the train, though rightly condemned by oculists, is often, as most people know, a practice of singular comfort "to weary body and heavy soul." This statement holds good naturally, not of newspapers which seldom bring consolation, but of literature calculated to divert the mind from private and public anxieties. For such a purpose the novels on our list, whatever their merits otherwise, seem well adapted, as they—all but one—are concerned with subjects remote alike from the daily grind, the common task, and those larger problems which loom continually on the national and international horizon.

The Mound (Methuen, 7s. 6d. net), is on rather different lines from Miss Alice Perrin's former stories of Miss Sahibs and their wooers. It chronicles the reformation wrought upon an apparent ne'er-do-well, first by love, and secondly by a mysterious inheritance on Indian soil, which includes a mound supposed to contain ancient Buddhist relics. The precise part played in his conversion by this last factor is not clearly manifest, especially as emphasis is laid on the fact that Gautama's system, for all its moral beauty, is essentially a religion of fear. There are some vivid scenes and several slight but fascinating character sketches in various shades of colour; notably the Topsy-like Burmese child, and the missionary lady whose father has 'verted to Buddhism. *Out of Prison* (Blackwood, 7s. 6d. net) is a historical romance in Sydney C. Grier's best manner, which means that the language and characteristics of the period are reproduced with admirable accuracy, and that the narrative, though belonging to a series, is well worth reading independently. Napoleon and his two Empresses appear with good effect upon the stage. But our interest is mainly centred upon the fine old Englishwoman whose lot has been cast in a small German Court, and the matrimonial affairs of her granddaughter, wherein Cæsar, with no bad object, takes a hand. For the wide circle of his admirers, Mr. William Le Queux needs no recommendation. As an inducement to readers less enamoured of his usual method, we may observe that all the tales in *Tracked by Wireless* (Stanley Paul, 7s. 6d. net) deal, as the title indicates, with a scientific fairyland, not yet staled by familiarity. There is much fascination in the occurrences introduced, though to a non-expert they are not always easy to follow.

In *The Treasure of Golden Cap* (Murray, 7s. 6d. net), Mr. Bennet Copplestone has, with an eye perhaps to the weaker brethren, subdued into a more melting style the frank and genial brutality of 'Madame Gilbert's Cannibal.' The story, which contains some realistic details of seafaring life under the Stuarts, centres round a gentle pirate and his exemplary wife, who to her other virtues adds a zeal for sanitary reform which must have been unique at that epoch. *The Secret of the Sandhills*, by Arthur Gask (Herbert Jenkins, 3s. 6d. net) transports us to a more modern environment, and we must own to a lower level of sentiment. The hero, a South Australian, demobilized and out of work after the Great War, has the good luck to obtain a reward of ten pounds for picking up a lost pocket-book. This he forthwith invests at the races under betting regulations peculiar to his country, and with excellent results. The foundations of his fortune thus laid are augmented by a legacy from an up-country cousin, and also by an accusation of murder from which he emerges immaculate and with the additional kudos of an important detective achievement. Marriage with a beautiful heiress places the coping-stone.

The Blood of the Conquerors, by Harvey Fergusson (Chapman & Hall, 7s. 6d. net), labours under the handicap of a prefatory panegyric from Mr. Mencken, expressed with that indiscreet prodigality which distinguishes American criticism. It presents, notwithstanding, an interesting description of latter-day social conditions in New Mexico, particularly as respects their influence on the

youthful Spanish male. The picture is neither pleasing nor edifying, but has arresting touches, such as the extraordinary institution of the *penitentes*. The scene of *The Gray Charteris* (Hodder & Stoughton, 7s. 6d. net) is laid in the Niger Delta, among native chiefs, British traders and their respective feminine belongings. The situation, of its own nature, abounds in dramatic possibilities, sufficient, we should have thought, for Mr. Robert Simpson's purpose, without the addition of what we may call a cinema element. This is supplied by a Nietzschean individual with grey hair but youthful countenance, an enigma to his own race, and in African eyes a magician of no ordinary power. We must spare a word for the charming Scotch girl who contrasts agreeably with an odious female, intended, we fear, to be captivating, and devoted (unsuccessfully) to the grey-headed superman. In *The Lady of Leybourne* (George Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net), Chester Keith has, we think, made an advance upon her earlier novel 'Queen's Knight,' partly perhaps because we are here spared the invidious comparison with Malory and Tennyson. The lovers for whom our sympathy is demanded have certainly, for what it is worth, the advantage in morals over Lancelot and Guinevere. Moreover, we really like Lady Imogen of Leybourne, and believe that the author has made a respectable attempt at estimating the position, though scarcely the feelings or language, of an orphan heiress under Henry the Second. She shows herself in particular accurately acquainted with mediaeval marriage customs.

In the eight volumes which we have hitherto considered, a romantic atmosphere has, more or less, been predominant. But real life as treated by Mr. J. E. Buckrose in *An Ordinary Couple* (Herbert Jenkins, 7s. 6d. net) has attractions lacking to romance. The book is a study, delicate, humorous, sympathetic, and entirely convincing, of a young middle-class couple starting life on a small income in a suburb (not apparently of London). George and Nellie Hinton both emphatically belong to the type which makes a nation's backbone; their little failings and follies only serving to accentuate the sterling value of the characters beneath. It is severely tested, for misfortune comes their way, but the last page leaves them restored to their original condition of very modest comfort.

Messrs. Gieves, Ltd., whose services to the Naval officer often begin when he comes up as a child to be interviewed by the Board of Admirals, and continues throughout his whole service, have prepared and published a little book entitled 'How to Become a Naval Officer,' which ought to be of considerable practical help to anxious parents, as well as to prospective candidates for entry into Dartmouth College. It is both interesting and accurate, giving particulars of equipment, of cost, of regulations and of subjects for examination, as well as appendices in which the routine, dress regulations and pay of Naval officers are adequately summarized. People who contemplate sending a son into the Navy could not do better than write to Messrs. Gieves for a copy of this booklet, and study the subject in all its bearings some time before it is necessary to make a decision. There is an introduction by Admiral the Hon. Sir E. R. Freemantle.

PYORRHOEA

OF THE GUMS.

A GUARANTEED CURE

75 per cent. of such diseases as Anæmia, Dermatitis, Indigestion, Gastritis, Rheumatism, Arthritis and Nose, Throat, Eye and Ear Troubles, Lassitude and Nervous Disorders, etc., are directly attributable to the absorption of the poisons from the gum socket disease known as Pyorrhœa. Probably 80 per cent. of the adult population of these islands have this disease, and 90 per cent. of extractions at the Dental Hospital in London are due to Pyorrhœa. Doctors and Dentists will tell you there is no cure, and, outside our simple method, there is none.

WE GUARANTEE TO CURE EVERY CASE WE UNDERTAKE by simple painless home treatment, without drugs, poisons, vaccines, electricity or injections. Do not have your teeth extracted. Write to this clinic first.

An original and explanatory booklet entitled "Pyorrhœa, Alveolaris and Similar Diseases" (third edition 24 pages), just published at 1s., sent post free to any sufferer upon receipt of 6d. stamps. Address The Secretary.

ASEPLENE, Ld., 33 Bedford Street, Strand, W.C.2.

ASK AT YOUR BOOKSHOP FOR—**REALMS OF GREEN**

By GERALD BULL.

Crown 8vo 6s. net.

A New Book of the Open Air.

Essays of the fields and woods, written by a keen lover of nature. They are based upon the large and general interest in the natural world which is felt by all who enjoy the country side, and give to the reader recollections of fragrant and song-filled air, glades of wild flowers, and woods of marvellous greenness.

What the Press says:—

"There are one or two high masters of the art—but Mr. Bull shows that he, too, has the gift."—*The Times Literary Supplement*.
 "One can dip haphazard into these delightful essays with no danger of drawing a blank."—*Scotsman*.

"The width of Mr. Bull's observations is quite astounding, but the variety, geniality, and acuteness of his remarks and reflections are the most noteworthy of his characteristics. All nature-lovers will thoroughly enjoy his sketches."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

WONDERS OF ANIMAL LIFE

By W. S. BERRIDGE, F.Z.S. With over 100 Photographs by the Author. New Edition.

5s. net.

This book will keenly interest both old and young, and will be enjoyed by all lovers of Natural History.

FESTIVALS, HOLY DAYS, AND SAINTS' DAYS

By ETHEL L. URLIN. A Study in Origins and Survivals in Church Ceremonies and Secular Customs. New Edition. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, HAMILTON, KENT & Co., Ltd.**JARROLD'S ANNOUNCEMENTS - 1922**

The Adventures of Imshi. A Two-seater in Search of the Sun. By JOHN PRIOLEAU. Thirty-six Photographic Illustrations and about twenty-five Line Drawings, Maps, etc. Size 8½ x 6½. Bound Crimson Cloth gilt. 21s. net

The New Psychology and the Parent. By Dr. H. CRICHTON MILLER, Author of "The New Psychology and the Teacher." Cr. 8vo. Cloth gilt. 6s. net

Womans' Ways and Wiles. A book of truth about Women. By ALFRED EDYE. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d. net

Copyright Condensed and Explained. By LEWIS C. RUSSELL. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. net

Geo. Borrow: The Cult of the Open Road. By R. THURSTON HOPKINS. Demy 8vo. Cloth gilt. 12s. 6d. net

POPULAR NEW FICTION

The Golden Bay. A Tale of the Devon Coast. By J. WEARE-GIFFARD, Author of "Lure of Contraband." Cr. 8vo. Cloth gilt. 7s. 6d. net

The Curse of Kālī. A Story of India. By ARTHUR GREENING, Author of "The Better Yarn." Cr. 8vo. Cloth. 6s. net

The Knight of Ravenswood. A Romance of Cœur-de-Lion. By MARIS WARRINGTON, Author of "Cleomenes." Cr. 8vo. Cloth gilt. 7s. 6d. net

The Sport of Destiny. A Tale of Adventure. By Wm. GARRETT, Author of "The Secret of the Hills." Cr. 8vo. Cloth gilt. 7s. 6d. net

A Daughter of Allah. A glowing Story of Eastern Love and Passion. CECIL H. BULLIVANT. Cr. 8vo. Cloth gilt. 7s. 6d. net

The Siamese Cat. A Tale of the Mysterious East. By H. MILNER RIDEOUT. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. 6s. net

Snowbird Paradine. A Tale of the Great North-West. By LAURENCE CLARKE. Cr. 8vo. Cloth. 6s. net

**Jarrolds, Publishers (London), Ltd.
10 and 11 Warwick Lane, E.C.4.****ANDREW MELROSE****DISTINCTIVE BOOKS.**

SEYMOUR HICKS, in his new book, "Difficulties," says, on page 55 (of the knowledge everyone should possess of himself):—

"For this purpose I can recommend to you no finer book than

THE LAWS OF LIFE AND HEALTH,

By ALEXANDER BRYCE, M.D.

(3rd Edition.)

Delightful to read, easy to understand, it will introduce you to your component parts and make you so well acquainted with them that it will be a pleasure to you to give them the rest, the fresh air, the exercise and the many helps that are their due, and without which they will not have a chance of being your healthy and faithful friends."

Price 3s. 6d. net.

ADVENTURES IN COMMON SENSE

By E. W. HOWE.

Crown 8vo. Price 5s. net.

This book's shrewd common sense, its good-natured, but mordant irony, and its habit of epigram remind one of nothing so much as the famous "Letters of a Self-made Merchant," which won success in two continents a dozen years ago.

To be published on October the 27th.

A NEW NOVEL by "ISABEL BEAUMONT,"
entitled**SMOKELESS BURNING**

Miss Beaumont was awarded the prize of £250 in this year's Melrose Competition for her novel entitled "Secret Drama," which has been so widely and favourably reviewed. In "Smokeless Burning" she not only fulfils her first promise, but makes a marked advance on her previous work.

LONDON: ANDREW MELROSE, Ltd.**NEW PUTNAM BOOKS****The Orissers**

By H. L. MYERS. Crown 8vo., Cloth, 7s. 6d. net. Also a First Edition limited to 250 copies, signed by the Author. Royal 8vo., 21s. net.

This first novel by the son of the author of "Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death" presents a psychological study of the different members of a remarkable family. The conflict between intense and tumultuous personalities recalls similar passages in "Wuthering Heights."

The Chain

By C. H. TOWNE. Cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

This novel contains the spirit of youth with the stimulant of Jazz. What an achievement!—GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

Rulers of Men

By E. W. SAVI. Author of "The Devil Drives," &c. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

A novel which contains much more than a mere love-story. It is written with a purpose—that purpose being to show the dangers of Home Rule in India and the benefits of British Government.

Political Christianity

By A. MAUDE ROYDEN. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

A series of addresses given at the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square. They are not "political" in the narrow sense of the word but in the broad sense. They are concerned with the application of the Christian principles to our problems as citizens.

Prayer as a Force

By A. MAUDE ROYDEN. Cloth, 3s. 6d. net.

These addresses were delivered at the Kensington Town Hall, and the Guildhouse, Eccleston Square. The point of view they suggest is that prayer is as living a force in the world as any of the great forces revealed to us by Natural Science.

Behind the Mirrors

Anonymous. By the Author of "The Mirrors of Washington." Cloth, 12s. 6d. net.

This book gives a picture from behind the scenes of political Washington to-day. The Author is no more complimentary to his subjects than he was in his former volume, but just as illuminating and outspoken.

All Ready Shortly.

24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND, W.C.2.

Authors and Publishers

A MISCELLANY

WHAT seems likely to prove an interesting and piquant study in contrasts—particularly to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW—is a book published to-day by Mr. John Murray entitled, *Old Diplomacy and New*. It is written by Mr. A. L. Kennedy, whose father and grandfather were members of the Diplomatic Service and who has himself observed diplomatic affairs from the foreign department of the *Times*, travelling all over Europe in the course of his work. Subjects treated by the author include the Fashoda incident, the conclusion of the Entente, the Agadir crisis, the Washington Conference and many other diplomatic landmarks. He examines British foreign policy from the late Lord Salisbury to Lloyd George, inquiring whether any continuity can be traced through the various episodes between Lord Salisbury's mission to Constantinople in '76 and Mr. Lloyd George's mission to Genoa in the spring of this year. Has "Diplomacy by Conference" come to stay? he asks. Sir Valentine Chirol has written an Introduction to Mr. Kennedy's book.

I have so far only had time just to glance at the five volumes of *Modern English Essays: 1870-1920*, collected by Mr. Ernest Rhys, the indefatigable editor of the Everyman Library, and published on Wednesday of this week by Messrs. Dent. A very wide range of essayists, alive and dead, has been drawn upon, with the result that five admirably varied volumes have been compiled. The books are of what is known as "pocket" size (it would surely ruin any self-respecting pocket to hold any one of the volumes so designated!), and are printed in an excellent clear type on a good paper, so that the page does not look too full, as it sometimes does, unavoidably, in the Everyman series. When I see a set of books like this I feel as I do when I look at my Gibbon: I want to break a leg or do something that will make me lay up for a time and give me a chance to read consecutively!

Mr. Pollard's paper on *Copyright in England, 1662-1774*, has just been printed by the Bibliographical Society. He had no difficulty in showing the extreme efficiency of the copyright system up to the Civil War, but after the Restoration the regulation of printing came under a series of Licensing Acts, which lapsed in 1679. In 1685 the Act was again renewed and finally licensing was dropped in 1693, and printing became free. The next seventeen years were the golden age of piracy, the common law rights of authors and publishers, though still existing, being difficult of enforcement, and the first Copyright Act was passed in 1709, giving all new books a term of fourteen years, renewable for another period if the author were still alive. When this statutory copyright expired the booksellers began a struggle for a perpetual copyright under their common law rights, and it was not till 1774 that the House of Lords decided that the Act of 1709 had taken these away by substituting a statutory right. The same number of the *Library* contains notes on 'The First English Printers and their Patrons,' and on the French Post-Books. I may, perhaps, add here that the *Report of the Committee for Government Printing*, and *A Note on the Legibility of Printed Matter*, which I heard were out of print, can still be obtained at H.M. Stationery Office.

Most opportune is *A History of the Greek People, 1821-1921*, by William Miller, which has just been published by Messrs. Methuen (6s. net), in their series of

'Histories of the Peoples.' Mr. Miller is a recognized authority on this subject, and he writes very well, though in a book intended to have a popular appeal, he perhaps makes too many references to personages and events that are little known, or not known at all, to the average reader. A note at the end of the book shows that it did not pass out of Mr. Miller's hands till after March of this year, and that he had before him at that time the proposals of the Paris Conference of the three Allied Foreign Ministers for a settlement in the Near East. His opinion then was that the "Eastern question" was insoluble. If fate has been somewhat unkind in permitting him to conclude his history so shortly before the occurrence of the happenings that now engross the attention of the world, and have such a material bearing on the fortunes of the Greeks, it has done nothing, he might well assert, to change his point of view.

I recently drew attention to a book published by Messrs. Collins called *Taken from Life*, in which the photographer Mr. E. O. Hoppé collaborated with Mr. J. D. Beresford in producing seven studies of character taken from life. Mr. Hoppé has now joined forces with Mr. Richard King and the result is a volume called *The Book of Fair Women*, a volume of thirty-two portraits reproduced in photogravure and published by Mr. Jonathan Cape at 25s. net. Professor H. Wildon Carr has written a preface to Raffaello Piccoli's critical examination of *Benedetto Croce*, in the book of that name which Mr. Cape is publishing at 8s. 6d. net.

Messrs. A. & C. Black have for long made a feature of Colour Books, and this autumn they are issuing revised editions of some of the most popular of these. The new editions include books on *Oxford*, *Cambridge*, *Surrey* and *Lakeland*, and they are published at 7s. 6d. net. The same firm publish *Water Colours of Mesopotamia*, by Miss Edith Cheeseman (2s. 6d. net), who painted a quantity of pictures during a tour extending from Hit to Basrah and including most places of interest on the Tigris and Euphrates. Some of the places she has painted had hitherto been visited only by one or two European women. Messrs. Black are also producing a large number of books for children of all ages.

Books on religious subjects have not, perhaps, at the present moment the same vogue that they possessed, say, twenty years ago. Nevertheless, a large number of theological and religious volumes are being published, some of which are of considerable importance. Probably the most important is Dr. Gore's *Belief in Christ*, which Mr. Murray hopes to have ready for publication early in November. This book is a continuation of the former Bishop of Oxford's *Belief in God*, which was widely read and discussed at the time of publication. It forms part of a general scheme for what the author calls 'Reconstruction of Belief.' Next in importance is Dean Inge's *Outspoken Essays, Second Series* (Longmans, 6s. net). Those who are acquainted with some of the Dean's later efforts in the evening Press will be glad to hear that this new book contains mostly unpublished work, which encourages the hope that it will deal with the subjects involved on as admirable a level as the first series. So highly was this first series regarded that it was adopted as a class book in the sixth form of more than one of our Public Schools.

LIBRARIAN

PHILIP ALLAN & CO.'S FIRST AUTUMN BOOKS

Demy 8vo, with 8 full-page Drawings of Eton. 10s. 6d. net

PLAYING FIELDS:

A Story of Public School Life

By ERIC PARKER

(Author of "Eton in the 'Eighties," etc.)

"Mr. Parker's loving and grateful pages . . . his technical method allows full scope to his delicate art. He preserves the intimacy of autobiography without its limitations."—*The Times*.

Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d. net

THE SECRET SOCIE- TIES OF IRELAND:

Their Rise and Progress

By Captain H. B. C. POLLARD

(late of the Staff of Chief of Police, Dublin)

"Captain Pollard had exceptional opportunities for collecting information, and he has used some discretion in selecting matter which could have been obtained only in his official capacity . . . he has shown a great deal of industry and research."—*Sir Basil Thomson in The Times*.

Crown 8vo. 5s. net

RED HERITAGE

By HALLIWELL SUTCLIFFE

"Strong characters, strong passions, and strong writing are packed into 'Red Heritage.' Pen, the young Cornish squire, . . . is portrayed in vivid colours, with passages of intense sympathy. The story has the vigour which we expect from this writer, and more than his accustomed feeling."—*The Morning Post*.

Cheap Re-issue. Crown 8vo. 5s. net

THE PURPLE SAPPHIRE:

Weird Tales of The Unknown

Cheap Re-issue. Crown 8vo. 5s. net

"Hair-raising pages."—*The Times Literary Supplement*. "Refreshingly well written—not to be recommended as a night-cap."—*The New Witness*. "The art of the uncanny is not an easy one to handle, but Mr. Bayle has created a genuine classic."—*The Glasgow Herald*.

BRITISH ARTISTS:

A Series of Handbooks

Edited by S. C. KAINES SMITH, M.A., M.B.E.

Foolscap 8vo. 5s. net each

Beautifully bound and containing EIGHT or more illustrations, many in photogravure.

Each volume written by an acknowledged Authority.

I. ROMNEY

By B. L. K. HENDERSON, D.Litt.

II. LELY and KNELLER

By C. H. COLLINS BAKER (Keeper of the National Gallery)

III. WRIGHT OF DERBY

By S. C. KAINES SMITH, M.A., and H. CHENEY BEMROSE

IV. GIRTIN and BONINGTON

By HUGH STOKES

(Author of "The Life of Velasquez," etc.)

About 27 others in preparation

5 Quality Court, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2

Jonathan Cape

New & Forthcoming Books

English Furniture of the Cabriole Period

H. AVRAY TIPPING

A survey of the leading types of furniture prevalent in the reigns of Queen Anne and the first two Georges. With many illustrations from photographs. Cr. 4to. 12s. 6d. net.

An Image of Shakespeare

FRANK MATHEW

An attempt to trace the development of Shakespeare's character, as altered by time and circumstance, by an examination of his works. Demy 8vo. 18s. net.

Dethronements

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Imaginary portraits of political characters done in dialogue. *Charles Stuart Parnell, Joseph Chamberlain, and Woodrow Wilson*. 750 copies only for sale. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Angels and Ministers

LAURENCE HOUSMAN

Four plays of Victorian shade and character. A new edition, including *Possession*. With drawings by ALBERT RUTHERSTON. Lge. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The Hour of Magic

W. H. DAVIES

A volume of new poems. With decorations by WILLIAM NICHOLSON. Paper boards, gilt label. Cr. 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

Earlham

PERCY LUBBOCK

A book of impressions and recollections of Earlham, Norfolk, by the author of *The Craft of Fiction*. Lge. Cr. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

Benedetto Croce

RAFFAELLO PICCOLI

An introduction to his philosophy. With a foreword by H. WILDON CARR. Cr. 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

Babbitt

SINCLAIR LEWIS

A new novel by the author of *Main Street*. It is the story of a man, his family and his one great friendship. 7s. 6d. net.

Follow My Leader

MARY AGNES HAMILTON

A novel in which the political and emotional interests are knit together in an intensely human knot. 7s. 6d. net.

The House of the Enemy

CAMILLE MALLARMÉ

A novel of Spain, translated from the French by Adeline. *Novels of To-day*, No. 7. 6s. net.

Eleven Gower Street, London

Competitions

(All solutions sent in must be accompanied by the Competitions Coupon, which will be found among the advertisements.)

PUBLISHERS' PRIZES

PRIZES are given every week for the first correct solution opened of the current Acrostic and Chess Problems. Envelopes are opened at haphazard when the Competition is closed, so that all solvers have an equal chance. The prizes consist of a book (to be selected by the solver) reviewed in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the problem was set. The published price must not exceed one guinea, and it must be a book issued by one of the Houses named below.

Envelopes containing solutions must be marked "Competition" and should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor or Chess Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 3, King Street, London, W.C.2. Any competitor not so marking his envelope will be disqualified. The Competitions Coupon for the week must be enclosed. The name of the winner and of the book selected will be published the following week or the week after that.

The following is the list of publishers whose books may be selected:—

Allen & Unwin	Harrap	Mills & Boon
Bale, Sons & Danielsson	Heinemann	Murray
Basil Blackwell	Herbert Jenkins	Nash & Grayson
Burns, Oates & Washbourne	Hodder & Stoughton	Odams Press
Chapman & Hall	Hodge	Putnam's
Collins	Hutchinson	Routledge
Dent	Jarrod	Sampson Low
Fisher Unwin	John Lane, The Bodley Head	Selwyn & Blount
Foulis	Macmillan	S.P.C.K.
Grant Richards	Melrose	Stanley Paul
Gyldenhal	Methuen	Ward, Lock
		Werner Laurie

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication in the case of Acrostics, and the Tuesday following publication in the case of Chess.

ACROSTICS

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 32.

In the Louvre one may read the following inscription:—

MCMXXII . . . DANS CE MUSEE EGYPTIEN DU LOUVRE
CREE PAR J. E. CHAMPOLLION LES EGYPTOLOGUES
FRANCAIS ET ETRANGERS ONT CELEBRE LE CENTENAIRE DE SON
IMMORTELLE DECOUVERTE LE DECHIFFREMENT DES HIERO-
GLYPHES.

1. A Jewish king numbered among the just.
2. Flout he or howl, halve him I fear we must.*
3. Or good or bad, this happens unto all.
4. And when that comes, e'en Troy's high towers shall fall.
5. With long before refers to seasons past.
6. Erase, i.e., lop off the first and last.
7. A modern weapon, in our Bard's despite.
8. Looms in the curate's eyes a Greater Light.
9. A shell-fish, but one-third of it must go.
10. He drugged our ancestors for weal or woe.
11. 'Tis here in France a very common word.
12. 'Twill suit our purpose to curtail the bird.
13. No longer this when once it has been heard.

*See Fitzgerald's 'Omar Khayyam,' edition of 1859.

ACROSTIC No. 30.—The first correct solution opened came from Miss V. I. H. Young, Brampton Lodge, Withington, Manchester, who has chosen as her prize 'The Adventure of Living,' by John St. Loe Strachey, published by Hodder & Stoughton, and reviewed in our columns on September 30 under the title, 'Mr. Strachey's Autobiography.' (Fifty-four other competitors asked for this book; nine wanted 'Adventures in Bolivia,' six 'In a Grain of Sand,' five 'The Coasts of Romance,' four 'Gipsying through Central America.' Not more than one solver named any of the other books available.)

Also correct:—N. O. Sellam, Old Mancunian, Miss P. Davis, Miss Evelyn Gaisford, Gay, St. Ives, Lilian, Carlton, Baitho, Chaos, C. J. Warden, H. Lees, Dr. C. W. Kay, Doric, and Bray. One Light wrong:—A. Montgomerie, C. A. S., Mrs. Fardell, III, Errant, Macgrotty, R. H. Keate, Trelaw, Shorwell, Crucible, Trike, Esiroc, Lady Yorke, Annis, Miss E. J. Smith, Zyk, Lenno, Elisabeth, C. H. Burton, C. L. K., Mummer, Chump, Miss Sylvia Groves, Lethendy, L. M. Maxwell. Two Lights wrong:—Miss Muriel K. Fudge, Tiny Tim, R. C. Raine, Ex Indis, G. A. K. Marshall, C. E. Jones, Wm. A. Smith, I of III, Herbert M. Vaughan, Barberry, Cathbar, Quex, W. J. Younger, Victor F. Honiball, Miss Rose Ransom, Shore Hill, Gunton, and Miss A. C. Banks. All others more.

Light 1.—I cannot accept "Salt" as an alternative. Recent investigations show that *Sunlight* is essential to the healthy growth of infants; that rickets is a winter disease, and that even breast-fed children get rickety if deprived of the necessary amount of sunlight—facts which cannot be too widely known or too strongly emphasized. Sodium chloride or "Salt" is not usually administered to infants, and "Sport" is not indulged in by them to any great extent.

Light 3.—As a thoughtful solver points out, islands are often connected with the mainland by bridges, and can then be reached by road.

Light 4.—I really cannot accept "Nausea," or "Neuralgia," nor even "Nausicaa." The author of 'Erewhon' contended that

this lady lived on the west coast of Sicily: he never ventured to transfer her to the Shetland Islands.

Light 7.—"Misselthrush" is accepted as an alternative to "Finch," though I cannot accept Tiny Tim's assertion that the Goldfinch, Chaffinch, Greenfinch, and Bullfinch are not song-birds. Cassell's 'Illustrated Book of Canaries and Cage-birds,' no mean authority, says: "The Goldfinch is possessed of an exceedingly sweet song, combining a clear metallic ring with modulated power. . . . The Chaffinch's song has a telling ring in it, and is very cheerful and clear." (I have read that it varies very much in different places.) My authority says that the Greenfinch "has but little song," but I happen to possess one which is an excellent songster. (Tiny Tim may have it for the asking.) "The Bullfinch has but a moderate song," though to my ear it is not unpleasing.

Light 8.—"Cynthia" is named by the poet quoted, so that Cleopatra, Cassiopeia, Cytheria, and the rest are all out of court.

ACROSTIC No. 29.—Belated solutions: C. J. Warden, 1 Light wrong: Lenno, XIX, and Ex Indis, each 2 wrong.

BAITHO.—Please remember that the odds are seldom more than ten to one against you. Though you missed one opportunity, you are sure to be successful before very long.

E. M. G.—Your pertinacity is truly admirable. If only you could be pitted against Mr. Eamonn de Valera, I believe he would have found his match at last.

BRAY.—It is impossible to accept all alternatives for which a good deal may be said. From what I observed during a recent visit to the Tate Gallery, the Dauber is in high favour at present, and in making hay while the sun shines he shows no lack of skill. "Leopold" does not necessarily mean the late King of the Belgians. It can truly be said that the Lombards had a genius for finance, though not every individual Lombard was a genius; just as Allison tells us that in diplomatic ability the French are second only to the Russians—not meaning that every individual Frenchman and Russian is a born diplomatist.

N. SAXON.—Even if it is true that "Rameses II was called the Pharaoh of the Compression because he made the Israelites into bricks without straw," the fact does not seem to have much bearing upon the point at issue.

OUR QUARTERLY PRIZE.—After nine weeks the leaders in this Competition are:—Carlton,* Baitho, N. O. Sellam, Trike,* Lilian, Trelaw, Gay, Doric, Esiroc, Bray, Tiny Tim, C.A.S., Gunton, III, and Miss B. Alder.

*The two missing coupons may still be sent in.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 30.

LEADER OF THE HOST OF LIGHT,
THE REBEL BAND HE PUT TO FLIGHT.

1. Essential to our healthy growth.
2. "Heaven's mooned queen and mother both."
3. Not to be reached by any path or road.
4. The Fitful-head, we read, was her abode.
5. In France long since his songs he sung.
6. My charms are felt by old and young.
7. Decapitate a song-bird, if you please.
8. "Great queen of night and empress of the seas."
9. To him the Cossacks reverence paid.
10. Emporium of German trade.
11. Called "pastoral" by the bard of Philomel.
12. Its strange harsh cry the countryman knows well.

Solution to Acrostic No. 30.

S	unligh	T ¹	1 Ashtoreth, or Astarte, "Queen of Heaven, with crescent horns."
A	shtarot	H	mooned Ashtaroth,
I	naccessibl	E	Heaven's queen and mother both,
N	orn	A	Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shrine.
T	roubadou	R	Milton, 'Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity.'
M	usi	C	2 One of the names of Diana; the moon.
fl	nc	H	(The quotation is from Garth's 'Dispensary.'
C	ynthi	A ³	But, according to Pope, "Garth did not write his own Dispensary.")
H	etma	N	each sweet
A	ugsbur	G	Wherewith the seasonable month endows
E	glantin	E ³	The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
L	andrai	L	White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine. Keats, 'Ode to a Nightingale.'

AUCTION BRIDGE

IF it were possible to induce that numerous class of person who plays for years at bridge clubs and private houses, and never improves, to take a course of what music-teachers call "finishing lessons," the average standard of play would be much improved. It would then be necessary to insist on the habitual discontinuance of the following habits:—(a) leading from singletons and doubletons when it is necessary to keep one's trumps intact; (b) leading a small card from a long suit headed by the Ace and no other honour; (c) holding up the Ace until the second or third round, when it is ruffed; (d) failing to make game for the sake of a possible extra trick. But especial instruction should be reserved for those players who, dazzled by the spectacle of several honours in one hand, call up to three or four of the suit, unsupported by their partner, and holding no other cards of value. This type of player is

THORNTON BUTTERWORTH LTD

Ready in November

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MARGOT ASQUITH (Book II)

With numerous illustrations and important documents and letters in facsimile.

The first volume of Mrs. Asquith's Autobiography was the first book of its year. This second volume more than equals it in the daring candour of its revelations, the flashing realism of its character sketches, and in its witty, revealing comments on affairs of the last twenty-five years.

25s. net

Ready October

"INDISCRETIONS" OF LADY SUSAN
By LADY SUSAN TOWNLEY

It will be seen from this book that the writer has had exceptional opportunities of knowing important and interesting people. Lady Susan Townley chronicles her recollections of three continents during the past quarter of a century. She has much to tell that is of permanent interest and historical value, and gives an interesting and illuminating glimpse of the Diplomatic Service from within. Her book will be one of the sensations of the season.

Illustrated in Colotype, Half-tone and Line

21s. net

Now ready

MAROONED IN MOSCOW
By MARGUERITE E. HARRISON

Here is a book of the profoundest interest and value. Mrs. Harrison went to Russia to see things for herself; she got into the country without a passport and "by the back door." The story of her adventures has all the fascination of romance—though she deals only in plain facts, not a few of which were astonishing, unpleasant, and even dangerous.

With Portrait

16s. net

The Life and Times of AKHNATON

By ARTHUR WEIGALL

"The World's First Idealist"; "the first individual in human history"; "the most remarkable figure in the history of the world"—such are some of the praises given to this young Pharaoh of over 3,000 years ago, whose adventures are here graphically retold by a distinguished Egyptologist.

New and Revised Edition, Illustrated

12s. 6d. net

Now ready

FICTION**SUDDEN LOVE**

By BENJAMIN SWIFT

Before the war Mr. Benjamin Swift had won wide recognition, with that brilliant succession of stories of which 'Nancy Noon' was the first, as a novelist of fine and distinctive quality. 'Sudden Love' has all the charm of style and imaginative power of the work that established his reputation with a greater, more effective simplicity and directness of narration. It is an intensely dramatic story of the love of a British officer for a French girl who is betrothed, against her will, to a French soldier who is believed to have been killed but returns in an hour of crisis.

7s. 6d. net

WHERE THE PAVEMENT ENDS

By JOHN RUSSELL

"A new Kipling. Look out for the work of John Russell if you want something diverting, absolutely original, bizarre and surprising. Each of the twelve stories is vital, alluring and gripping."—S.P.B.M. in *The Daily Express*.

Library Edition, Ninth Impression

8s. net

Popular Edition

3s. 6d. net

LASS O' LAUGHTER

By WINIFRED CARTER

'Lass O' Laughter,' the play, has been seen and enjoyed by everybody in London and is now capturing the provinces. 'Lass O' Laughter,' the novel, is a comedy no less mirthful than the play, and Mrs. Winifred Carter's charming elaboration of this Scottish love romance will appeal to all readers.

Popular Edition

3s. 6d. net

15 BEDFORD ST. LONDON W.C.2

BELL'S NEW BOOKS**The Balkan Peninsula and the Near East**

A History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By FERDINAND SCHEVILL, Professor of Modern History in the University of Chicago. With numerous Maps. About 18s. net.

[Ready October 19.]

An important and comprehensive survey of the political evolution of the Balkans and the international problems of the Near East, which should be of special interest in view of the present crisis in Near Eastern affairs. The author's main purpose has been to communicate to the reader the leading present-day issues of the Balkans, not formulated theoretically, but shown, as it were, on the march, in practical historical operation. Nearly two-thirds of the book is devoted to the story of the rise and fall of the Ottoman Empire.

European Armour and Arms

through Seven Centuries. By Sir GUY LAKING, Bt., C.B., F.S.A., late Keeper of the King's Armoury. Vol. V just published, completing the work. Royal 4to. With over 1,800 illustrations. £15 15s. net per set of 5 volumes.

"This splendid book is the epitome of a life's assiduous labour. . . . It is not merely a learned work, but also a fascinating one. . . . Sir Guy Laking has indeed covered his subject with exemplary thoroughness. It is a work which no serious student of mediæval European history can afford to ignore, while to every one interested in armour the work will be indispensable."—*Connoisseur*.

Illustrated prospectus post free.

Translation and Translations

Theory and Practice. By J. P. POSTGATE, Litt.D., F.B.A, Emeritus Professor of Latin in the University of Liverpool. Crown 8vo. 6s. net.

A critical examination of current views on the theory and practice of translation from foreign languages. The second part of the volume consists of carefully selected illustrative renderings by the author, chiefly in verse, of passages from Latin, Greek and English classics.

Science and Human Affairs

By W. C. CURTIS, Ph. D. With numerous illustrations. About 15s. net.

[Ready shortly.]

From time immemorial men have attempted, by experiment and struggle, to discover the means by which they may be able to control nature. This new book tells how the conveniences of daily life and safeguards to health, which we now accept unconsciously, have been discovered, how science grew from the earliest times to the present day, and what its future may be.

The Middle Game in Chess

By E. ZNOSKO-BOROVSKY. Demy 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

"The celebrated Russian Master whose pioneering courage, subtlety, accuracy and unflagging industry are all exemplified in his treatment of 'The Middle Game in Chess' has, in writing the book, laid all players under great obligation."—*Saturday Review*.

List of Chess-books, with specimen pages, post-free.

Monastic Life in the Middle Ages

with a Note on Great Britain and the Holy See, 1792-1806. By His Eminence CARDINAL GASQUET, D.D., O.S.B. Second Impression. Crown 8vo. 8s. 6d. net.

"These delightful essays are the gleanings which Cardinal Gasquet has chosen to make on going back over the many historical fields he has harvested in the past forty years."—*Contemporary Review*.

The Life of Napoleon I.

By J. HOLLAND ROSE, Litt.D., Vere Harmsworth, Professor of Naval History, University of Cambridge. Eighth Edition. One volume. Demy 8vo. 1,126 pages, with Portrait, Maps and Plans. Price reduced to 10s. net.

A new and cheaper edition of what is by general consent the standard biography of the Great Emperor.

Education on the Dalton Plan.

By HELEN PARKHURST. With introduction by Professor T. P. NUNN, D.Sc. Second Edition. Crown 8vo. With Portrait. 5s. net.

A handbook to the most important of recent educational reforms, written by its originator.

Animals' Rights

considered in Relation to Social Progress. By HENRY S. SALT. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d. net. New and Revised Edition.

"Mr. Salt's new classic volume presents most admirably the case for animals."—*Daily News*.

Gothic Architecture in England and France.

By the Rev. Dr. G. H. WEST. Post 8vo. With numerous illustrations. Price reduced to 6s. net.

G. BELL & SONS, LTD.

York House, Portugal Street, London, W.C.2

unable to let well alone: he will overcall until he is doubled, and will increase the cost of the rubber by hundreds of points.

Here is a case in point where a player spoiled a good double by persisting in his own suit. Z was dealer and called one no-trump. A no. Y two hearts. B three clubs. Z double. A no. Y three hearts. Left in at three hearts. The hands were:—

Y		B	
♠ 5.		♠ K., 7, 3, 2.	
♥ J., 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.		♥ K., Qn., 2.	
♦ 9, 6, 3, 2.		♦ 4.	
♣ 7, 3.		♣ Qn., 9, 5, 4, 2.	
A		Z (dealer)	
♠ A., Qn., 8, 6.		♠ J., 10, 9, 4.	
♥ A., 4, 3.		♥ 5.	
♦ J., 8, 7, 5.		♦ A., K., Qn., 10.	
♣ 8, 6.		♣ A., K., J., 10.	

The result was unfavourable to Y, who only made eight tricks. The play was as follows:—

1	2	3	4	5
B D. 4	H. Qn.	Cl. 5	Sp. 2	H. 2
Z D. Qn.	H. 5	Cl. K.	Sp. 9	D. 10
A D. 5	H. 3	Cl. 8	Sp. Qn.	D. 7
Y D. 2	H. 6	Cl. 3	Sp. 5	D. 3
6	7	8	9	10
B Cl. 4	Sp. 3	H. K.	Sp. K.	Cl. 2
Z Cl. 10	Sp. 10	Sp. 4	Sp. J.	Cl. J.
A Cl. 6	Sp. A.	H. 4	Sp. 6	H. A.
Y Cl. 7	H. 7	H. 8	H. 9	H. 10

Y and Z make three remaining tricks.

Note to trick 4: Z should have led Cl. A., then Y ruffed Cl. 10 or J., thereupon taking out another round of trumps; this would have prevented B's ruff on trick 5.

Whatever the result, Y's take-out seems unwise. B's three clubs was a third call, and Z's double, after a declaration of no-trump, showed strength in clubs. And if Z is weak in hearts, how can Y make nine tricks? To have taken the no-trump into two hearts was justifiable, but after that Y should have left the suit alone. The consistent habit of so many players of increasing their partner's contract is as illogical as it often proves disastrous. I would advise all players to take this excellent maxim to heart:—*Do not take your partner out of a double unless you see the game in your own hand.*

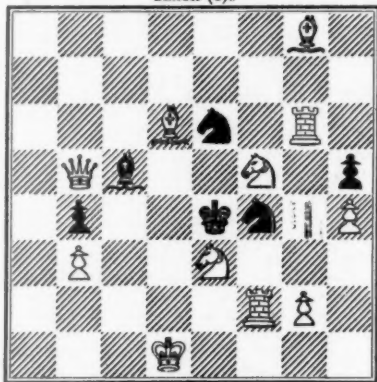
Erratum in issue of October 7. For "in which the redouble was successful" read "in which the redouble was not successful."

CHESS

PROBLEM No. 49.

By VICTOR MIESES.

BLACK (6).



WHITE (11).

White to play and mate in two moves.

Solutions should be addressed to the Chess Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and reach him by the first post on Oct. 17.

PROBLEM No. 48.

Solution

WHITE:

(1) Kt-K6.

(2) Mates accordingly.

BLACK:

Any move.

PROBLEM No. 48.—The first correct solution opened was from Mr. G. T. Patterson, of 419a, Strand, who has selected as his prize 'Geneva's Money,' by E. V. Lucas, published by Methuen and reviewed in our columns last week.

PROBLEM No. 47.—Correct from G. C. Hughes, M. T. Howells, G. T. Patterson, S. W. Sutton, H. Westcott, F. W. Sharp, A. S. Brown, R. Black, F. W. Walton, E. F. Emmet, W. R. Burgess, Spencer Cox, C. O. Grimshaw, A. W. Yallop, K. T. Mills, E. F. Benson, A. E. Thiselton, Eric L. Pritchard, J. Lyon Guild, Templar, P. Lewis, P. Jacob, Tyro, and Mrs. F. I. Morcom.

AN INSCRIPTION

SPECIAL PRIZE

£10 10s. 0d.

A SPECIAL PRIZE of £10 10s. 0d. is offered for the most suitable inscription for the loggia and doorway of a large commercial building in the classic style on an important site in Central London. It is to be inscribed on four detached panels about eye height, two on either side of the doorway. Each of the four panels is 8 ft. 6 ins. broad and 3 ft. 1½ ins. deep. Competitors must use their discretion as to the number of lines of wording to be placed on each panel.

The widest possible measure of freedom is given to competitors. The inscription may be either original or a quotation, and may be in either English or Latin; but of two equally good inscriptions, one in English and one in Latin, preference will be given to that in English. An English translation must accompany all Latin inscriptions.

The wording should consist of one theme, and may be either in four correlated sections or may run from one panel to another. While we prefer not to restrict competitors in their choice of a theme, it should preferably have some reference to the simple virtues upon which Anglo-Saxon civilization is founded, their direct relationship to the enduring greatness of a nation in Art, Religion and Commerce, and the necessity for conducting trade, if it is to be more than huckstering, on the basis of these virtues.

The decision will rest with a committee of three judges consisting of the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW, the Managing Director of the Firm for whose building the inscription is intended, and one other, whose name will be announced subsequently. Their decision will be final. The Firm, however, do not bind themselves to make use of the inscription sent in by the winner or by any other competitor.

All entries, which must be accompanied by a competitions coupon of the current week, must reach the SATURDAY REVIEW office by or before the first post on Friday, November 3, and the result will be published as soon as possible after that date. Envelopes must be clearly marked "Inscription" in the top left-hand corner. Failure to comply with any of these conditions will disqualify an entrant.

SATURDAY STORY: Continued from p. 543.

" 'Were you not very glad to be rid of me?'

" 'Well,' she said, 'my great fear at first was that you would find me again and make it up. I didn't want that, then, at least I thought I didn't.'

" 'That's exactly what I felt,' I exclaimed, 'but how could I find you?'

" 'Well,' Phoebe said, 'you might have found out and followed me. But I promise never to run away again, Peter dear, never.'

" 'Turner, my reeling intelligence swerved like a shot bird:

" 'Do you mean, Phoebe, that you ran away from me?'

" 'Yes, didn't I?' she answered.

" 'But I ran away from you,' I said. 'I walked out of the hotel on that dreadful afternoon we quarrelled so and I never went back. I went to America. I was in America nearly four years.'

" 'Do you mean you ran away from me?' she cried.

" 'Yes,' I said, 'didn't I?'

" 'But that is exactly what I did—I mean, I ran away from you. I walked out of the hotel directly you had gone. I never went back and I've been abroad thinking how tremendously I had served you out and wondering what you thought of it all and where you were.'

" 'I could only say, 'Good God, Phoebe, I've had the most awful four years of remorse and sorrow, all vain, mistaken, useless, thrown away.' And she said, 'And I've had four years—living in a fool's paradise, after all. How dared you run away, it's disgusting.'

" 'And, Turner, in a moment she was at me again in her old dreadful way, and the last words I had from her were: 'Now I never want to see your face again, never; this is the end!'

" 'And that's how things are now, Turner. It's rather sad, isn't it?'

" 'Sad! Why you chump, when was it you saw her?'

" 'O, a long time ago, it must be nearly three years now.'

" 'Three years! But you'll see her again!'

" 'Tfoo! No, no, no, Turner! God bless me, no, no, no!' said the little old man.

Sinclair Lewis' New Novel

Babbitt

SINCLAIR LEWIS

Author of *Main Street*

"*Babbitt is a Triumph*"

HUGH WALPOLE

"*Mr. Sinclair Lewis' masterly study*"—THE TIMES

THE STORY OF A MAN, HIS FAMILY & HIS
ONE GREAT FRIENDSHIP

7s 6d net

Jonathan Cape, Eleven Gower Street, London

THE YACHTING MONTHLY



OCTOBER NUMBER

The
British-American
International
6-Metre Races

Two Shillings Monthly, Published 1st of Every Month

NINE KING STREET,
LONDON, W.C. 2

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TRAMP SHIP

ARCHIBALD HURD

In this companion volume to "The Sea Traders," Mr. Archibald Hurd unfolds for us a picture of the expansion of the world of the "river" stage of civilization, through the "sea" stage, and thence into the great "ocean" civilization—to shrink again as the advent of steam power brings the end of the earth closer together. 7s. 6d. net

PUNCH PICTURES By FRANK REYNOLDS

With an Introduction
by E. V. LUCAS

A series of humorous pictures from *Punch* by Mr. Frank Reynolds, whose character sketches of "types" of "funny things" seen in the streets, the theatre—anywhere—have been delighting the public for nearly 20 years. The work will prove one of the most popular gift books of the season. 10s. 6d. net.



The House of Cassell
La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4

Some Press Opinions of

THE STORY OF MANKIND

Written and illustrated by HENDRIK VAN LOON

The English Review says:—"This informative and entertaining history of the world fills a yawning gap. It really is an entirely admirable survey of history spiced with the author's drawings which enhance both its charm and lesson. Dr. Van Loon is clearly an artist with a philosophic bent, which has enabled him to fasten on the true events in progress, placing kings, warriors, and dates in their right perspective. This is a delightful and admirable book. Not mere hero-worship, no tiresome recapitulation of conventional landmarks, but an original individualist conception touched off with deep aperçus such as his reference to Schumann's song 'The Two Grenadiers,' as judgment upon the meaning of Napoleon. It is on these lines that history will be rewritten."

The Daily Mail says:—"Dr. Van Loon has written a book which will be read."

The Scotsman says:—"A history of the progress of the human race which occupies something less than 500 pages is of necessity only a sketch. Dr. Van Loon's history, however, has the qualities of a good sketch in that, with the utmost economy of means, it presents its subject in its true proportions, and while suppressing details, nevertheless conveys a sense of a wealth of detail. Omitting everything that was at all likely to conflict with the production of a vivid impression upon the youthful mind, Dr. Van Loon has outlined the salient characteristics of each important phase in the history of mankind, and helped out his meaning with a series of sketches and maps which in the simplest possible way crystallise the subject of a chapter. Both pictures and maps are expressions of ideas which can be grasped at once, while Dr. Van Loon's narrative is as simple and direct as his diagrams."

The Glasgow Evening News says:—"It is really an unusual production; by no means a dull collection of facts. If his canvas is hardly so wide as that of Mr. Wells, one would risk the suggestion that it is more aptly proportioned for the needs of the general reader. The illustrations are unusually happy and suggestive."

TO GEORGE G. HARRAP & CO., LTD.
DEPT. S.R., 2 PORTSMOUTH STREET, KINGSWAY.

Please send me, free of charge, the illustrated booklet giving full particulars of "The Story of Mankind," freely illustrated in colour, half-tone and line, 12/6 net.

Name
Address

Books Received

ESSAYS AND BELLES LETTRES

- An Image of Shakespeare. By Frank Matthew. Cape: 18s. net.
 Candide. By Voltaire. Illustrated by Alan Odle. Routledge: 12s. 6d. net.
 Chinese Furniture. A Series of Examples from Collections. With an Introduction by Herbert Cescinsky. Benn: 50s. net.
 Don Quixote. By Cervantes. Illustrated by Jean de Bosschère. Constable: 21s. net.
 Essays in the Law. By Sir Frederick Pollock. Macmillan: 1s. 6d. net.
 French Essays and Profiles. By Stuart Henry. Dent: 7s. 6d. net.
 Giving and Receiving. By E. V. Lucas. Methuen: 6s. net.
 Modern French Philosophy. A Study of the Development since Comte. By J. Alexander Gunn. Fisher Unwin: 21s. net.
 Neighbours Henceforth. By Owen Wister. Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.
 Outspoken Essays. Second Series. By W. R. Inge. Longmans: 6s. net.
 The Bible in the Light of Modern Thought. By J. Vyrnwy Morgan. Allenson: 10s. 6d. net.
 The Drawings of the Royal Gallery of the Uffizi in Florence. By Odoardo Giglioli. Fisher Unwin: 4s. 6d. net.
 The Old English Herbals. By E. S. Rohde. Longmans: 21s. net.
 Yesterday and To-Day. By Ralph Nevill. Methuen: 15s. net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

- A Class Book of the British Commonwealth. By Arthur D. Innes. Vols. I and II. Rivingtons.
 A History of the Greek People, 1821-1921. By William Miller. Methuen: 6s. net.
 A History of Rome to A.D. 365. By Arthur E. R. Boak. Macmillan: 14s. net.
 Four Years on the Western Front. By a Rifleman. Odhams: 15s. net.
 Ireland from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By Robert Dunlop. Milford, Oxford University Press: 7s. 6d. net.
 Life and Letters of W. J. Birkbeck. By his Wife. Longmans: 15s. net.
 Life Stories of Famous Men: Voltaire. By J. M. Robertson. Watts: 8s. 6d. net.
 Madame de la Fayette. Sa Vie et Ses Œuvres. By H. Ashton. Cambridge University Press: 25s. net.
 Memories of a Turkish Statesman, 1913-1919. By Djemal Pasha. Hutchinson: 18s. net.
 Modern France. Edited by Arthur Tilley. Cambridge University Press: 35s. net.
 Russia To-day and To-morrow. By Paul N. Miliukov. Macmillan: 9s. net.
 Secret Sects of Syria. By Bernard H. Springett. Allen & Unwin: 12s. 6d. net.
 The Conquest of Mexico. By W. H. Prescott. New Edition with an Introduction by T. A. Joyce. Illustrated by Keith Henderson. 2 Vols. Chatto & Windus: 42s. net.
 Trial of George Joseph Smith. Edited by Eric R. Watson. Notable British Trials Series. Edinburgh, Hodge: 10s. 6d. net.
 Under the Acroceraunian Mountains. By Henry Baerlein. Parsons: 6s. net.

FAIRY TALES

- English Fairy Tales. Retold by Flora Annie Steel. Illustrated by Arthur Rackham. New Edition. Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.
 The Water Babies. By Charles Kingsley. New Edition. Illustrated by Warwick Goble. Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.

SPORT AND TRAVEL

- A Wanderer's Log. By C. E. Bechhoffer. Mills & Boon: 8s. 6d. net.
 Oh Shoot! By Rex Beach. Hodder & Stoughton: 15s. net.
 The Scott Country. Painted by E. W. Haslehurst. Described by John Geddle. Blackie: 3s. net.

REPRINTS

- The Hall and the Grange. By Archibald Marshall. Collins: 2s. 6d. net.
 The Passionate Friends. By H. G. Wells. Collins: 2s. 6d. net.
 The Riddle of the Rhine. By Victor Lefebure. Collins: 2s. 6d. net.

VERSE AND DRAMA

- Gatherings from Life and Time. By Eda Maclean. Humphreys: 2s. 6d. net.
 Homely Verse of a Home Lover. By Fay Inchfawn. Ward Lock: 2s. 6d. net.
 Poems. By L. D'O Walters. Daniel: 3s. 6d. net.
 Poems, 1920-1921. By K. W. Monserrat. Murray: 3s. 6d. net.
 Poems about Birds. Chosen and edited by H. J. Massingham. Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d. net.
 Sunrise and Other Poems. By Julia R. Wood. Selwyn & Blount: 2s. 6d. net.
 The Hour of Magic. By W. H. Davies. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.
 The Legend of the Severn. By Lieut.-Col. John Martin. Erskine Macdonald: 5s. net.
 The New Spirit in Verse. Compiled by Ernest Guy Pertwee. Routledge: 3s. 6d. net.
 Three Plays. By Frances Petersen. Egerton: 3s. 6d. net.
 To Enid and Other Poems. By B. J. Pendlebury. Erskine Macdonald.

FICTION

- A Dominic Abroad. By A. S. Neill. Jenkins: 5s. net.
 Alas, that Spring—I. By Elinor Mordaunt. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.
 An Ordinary Couple. By J. E. Buckrose. Jenkins: 7s. 6d. net.
 Anybody's Husband. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.
 Babbitt. By Sinclair Lewis. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.
 Ben Gold. By Robert Brymer. Allenson: 6s. net.
 Bewilderment. By Evelyn Scott. Duckworth: 7s. 6d. net.
 Carniss and Company. By Henry St. John Cooper. Sampson Low: 6s. net.
 Cythera. By Joseph Hergesheimer. Heinemann.
 Dandelion Days. By Henry Williamson. Collins: 7s. 6d. net.
 December Love. By Robert Hichens. Cassell: 7s. 6d. net.
 Deedles. By Sidney Hastings Webb. Sampson Low: 6s. net.
 D.E.Q. By Lord Gorell. Murray: 7s. 6d. net.
 Flower of the Heather. By R. W. McKenna. Murray: 7s. 6d. net.
 Follow My Leader. By Mary Agnes Hamilton. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.
 Gladys. By J. Morgan de Groot. Stanley Paul: 7s. 6d. net.
 Jane and Herself. By Joyce Cobb. Duckworth: 7s. 6d. net.
 Klondyke Kit's Revenge. By George Goodchild. Jenkins: 3s. 6d. net.
 Lass O' Laughier. By Winifred Carter. Butterworth: 3s. 6d. net.
 Miss Mapp. By E. F. Benson. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.
 Puppets of Fate. By Selwyn Jepson. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.
 Rekindled Fires. By Joseph Anthony. Cape: 7s. 6d. net.
 Sudden Love. By Benjamin Swift. Butterworth: 7s. 6d. net.
 Summer Lightning. By W. E. B. Henderson. Hurst & Blackett: 7s. 6d. net.
 The Box of Spikenard. By Ethel Boileau. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.
 The Broken Signpost. By Sydney Tremayne. The Bodley Head: 7s. 6d. net.
 The Cathedral. By Hugh Walpole. Macmillan: 7s. 6d. net.
 The Curse of Kail. By Arthur Greening. Jarrolds: 6s. net.
 The Dancing Fakir. By John Egerton. Longmans: 7s. 6d. net.
 The Dream Mother. By Teresa Hicks Bolton. Burns & Oates: 6s. net.
 The Enemies of Women. By Vicente Blasco Ibanez. Fisher Unwin: 7s. 6d. net.
 The Optimist. By E. M. Delafield. Hutchinson: 7s. 6d. net.

Several Books Received are unavoidably held over.

BOOKS REVIEWED OR ADVERTISED
 IN THIS OR ANY OTHER JOURNAL
 can be obtained through any of the 1,000 Branches of

W. H. SMITH & SON

Head Office: STRAND HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

J. M. DENT & SONS, AUTUMN BOOKS

MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS

1870-1920. Five Volumes
Edited by ERNEST RHYS. (Cloth) 3/- net per vol.

These five volumes open with *Arnold*, *Swinburne*, *Pater*, *Hutton*, *Mark Pattison*, and continue with *Andrew Lang*, *Edmund Gosse*, and then on to *Clutton-Brock*, *Lytton Strachey*, etc. The volumes offer a unique collection of modern essays nearly all of which are copyright.

THE OLD COUNTRY

A Book of the Love and Praise of England.
Edited by ERNEST RHYS. 4/6 net.

This anthology contains excerpts from the greatest writers over a period of some centuries, and contains illustrations in colour and black and white by famous artists.

AUSTIN DOBSON

An Anthology of Prose and Verse. Compiled by ALBAN DOBSON. With a Foreword by EDMUND GOSSE. Portrait Frontispiece. 6/- net.

The book has been prepared to form a Memorial Volume, and will make immediate appeal by its contents and format not only to all admirers of Austin Dobson but also to everyone who loves the fine things in literature.

HERALDRY & FLORAL FORMS IN DECORATION

Numerous Illustrations and Diagrams.
By HERBERT COLE. 10/6 net.

The object of this book is to provide a storehouse of materials for designers and decorators of all kinds.

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT'S

An English Anthology. 2nd Impression. [Nearly ready] 10/6 net.

The author has compiled a new ANNOTATED INDEX containing critical and appreciative notes on the Authors and their Works. 2/- net.

The Morning Post.—"It is indeed no excessive claim that 'shining pieces have gone by hundreds into this mosaic.' It is an inexhaustible delight to turn these leaves at random. . . In these thousand pages there is store for the leisure hours of a lifetime."

GARDEN COLOUR

AN IDEAL GIFT BOOK. Containing: SPRING, by Mrs. C. W. Earle; SUMMER, by E. V. B.; AUTUMN, by Rose Kingsley; WINTER, by Hon. Vicary Gibbs. With Notes and 48 Coloured Plates by Margaret Waterfield. 18s. net.

"The charm of the book is entire absence of professionalism. Though the book is by many hands, it owes its charm as well as its unity to Miss Waterfield. In the art of suggestiveness it would be difficult to surpass the selective skill proved in the subject of her pictures."—*The Outlook*.

OPPRESSED PEOPLES & THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

By NOEL BUXTON and T. P. CONWIL-EVANS.
With Maps. Cr. 8vo. 6s. net.

This timely book deals with the progress of nationality in Europe and Asia as affected by the Great War. Problems of racial minorities in Central Europe and the Balkan States are elaborated. Practical suggestions are made for the solution of Turkish, Armenian, Arab and Egyptian problems as well as an exposure of Japanese oppression in Korea.

THE WINTER'S TALE

With 12 Illustrations from Paintings in Tempera, by MAXWELL ARMFIELD. 18/- net

The beautiful and unique colour plates of this volume must be judged from the point of view of theatrical production rather than as illustrations.

Write for AUTUMN LIST
and Prospectuses of the above books

Aldine House, Bedford St., W.C. 2.

NOTABLE BRITISH TRIALS SERIES

Twenty-nine volumes have been published
Price 10/6 net each volume

Just Published

GEORGE JOSEPH SMITH

(The "Brides in the Bath" Case).

EDITED BY
ERIC R. WATSON

Recent Volumes

STEINIE MORRISON
BURKE AND HARE
THURTELL AND HUNT
THE WAINWRIGHTS
A. J. MONSON
MADELEINE SMITH
DR. CRIPPEN
DEACON BRODIE
THE SEDDONS
DR. PRITCHARD
MRS. MAYBRICK

In the Press

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

Edited by A. FRANCIS STEUART

H. R. ARMSTRONG

Edited by FILSON YOUNG

DR. NEIL CREAM

Edited by W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE

DR. PHILIP CROSS

Edited by P. J. O'HARA

HENRY FAUNTLEROY

Edited by HORACE BLEACHLEY

Pamphlet containing full particulars of the Series
sent post free on application to the Publishers,

WILLIAM HODGE & COMPANY, LTD.

12 BANK STREET, EDINBURGH
and at LONDON and GLASGOW

The World of Money

CONTENTS

The Business Outlook. By Hartley Withers ...	566
Paying America Forthwith. By Hartley Withers ...	566
The Finances of Home Railways. From a Correspondent ...	567
Overseas News ...	568
New Issues ...	570
Stock Market Letter ...	570
Money and Exchange ...	572
Reviews ...	572
Dividends ...	572
Publications Received ...	572
Figures and Prices ...	574

All communications respecting this department should be addressed to The City Editor, the SATURDAY REVIEW, 10, Throgmorton Avenue, E.C.2. Telephone: London Wall 5485.

The Business Outlook

WITH the Near Eastern crisis apparently settled, or as nearly settled as can be expected in these times, the City has not paid much attention to the crisis in domestic politics, or even to the renewed headlong fall in the mark, which is now accepted as a regular feature in the day's news. From the purely financial point of view the worst result of the crisis in home politics is the likelihood that it may postpone the departure of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and his companions to the United States to discuss the question of our debt to America. This will be a very great pity, for this discussion, and the settlement which may be hoped for as its result, is very long overdue. So much so that if the Chancellor is really tied by the leg by the rather suburban preoccupations of political manoeuvre, it would seem desirable that the Governor of the Bank, already named as his assistant in the matter, should go without him. It is certain to produce a bad impression in America if, after all that has been said about inter-Ally debts and our determination to pay what we owe, we allow further delay to occur in the settlement of this question which means so much to our relations with America and to our power to work with America for the economic effort that is so sorely needed.

HOPES AND DOUBTS

Hope, tempered by doubt and political uncertainty, is still the prevailing sentiment. Hope is based on good revenue and expenditure figures, cheap money, cuts in freight rates and port charges, the result of the Edinburgh conference on shipyard wages, and the knowledge that the position has been made much healthier by liquidation and the facing of losses. If left alone, mankind's ingrained desire to produce and trade, to earn and get the comforts that are only to be had by work and exchange, would very quickly find ways and means for economic activity in spite of all the difficulties in the path. But doubt arises as to whether cheap money will last and whether the politicians will ever leave off upsetting the course of trade. The refusal of the Moscow Commissioners to ratify the Urquhart agreement is only another example of production thwarted by politics. In America we have the Fordney Tariff raising a wall which is meant to keep out European goods at a time when America is calling on Europe to pay its debts. Politicians, German, Allied and neutral, have helped to produce the cataclysm in the mark and other European currencies which put so thick a bar in the way of recovery; and trade, finance and business can only ask how long the politicians will continue to make them live on the unsatisfying diet of deferred hope. In the meantime there is a demand for diamonds. Such a demand was once evidence of prosperity. Now it is said to be due to the convenience of these gems as an

investment which enables their holders to get rid of currency which they mistrust and to avoid paying taxes which their Governments can only be relied on to waste.

THE GOVERNMENT ACCOUNTS

During the week ended October 7 expenditure, owing to interest payments amounting to nearly £27 millions, exceeded revenue by over £17½ millions. Revenue, however, was half a million better than a year ago, and expenditure showed a decrease of £5½ millions. National War Bonds fell due to be repaid to the tune of £40½ millions, so that the Government had about £58 millions to find, less receipts of nearly £2 millions from unemployment advances and Savings Certificates. It did so by borrowing £15½ millions from the Bank of England, £30½ millions from departmental sources, and £5½ millions on Treasury bills, and drawing its balances down by £5 millions. On balance the Chancellor has had a surplus of nearly £39 millions of revenue over expenditure during the financial year, against a deficit a year ago of £65 millions. It is a highly satisfactory exhibition, but before the financial year is ended interest on American debt has to be paid and a large sum has to be transferred to the railway companies, to say nothing of the cost of recent proceedings in the Near East.

PAYING AMERICA FORTHWITH

IN the SATURDAY REVIEW of September 30 I discussed and (I think) improved on a proposal for the liquidation of our debt to America by the transfer of foreign securities owned by British investors. The scheme was originally mooted in an American book on 'International Finance and its Reorganization,' by Mr. E. M. Friedman, who, it may be noted, is no mere economic theorist but Vice-President of the Overseas Securities Corporation of New York, and so may be presumed to know something about its practicability from the American point of view. Mr. Friedman appeared, from the passage dealing with the subject on page 575 of his book, to contemplate a transfer to be carried out during many years. It seemed to me that if the thing could be done at all it could be done at once and that we should thus get out of the way an irksome problem, and strike a great blow for our financial prestige in the world at large and especially in the United States, where it has been somewhat impaired by the manner in which this question has been mishandled. It was made clear that the scheme would cost us something because we should have to make it worth while for holders of the securities needed to hand them over in exchange for British Government stock. Nevertheless even the offer of such an outright solution would be a mighty evidence of strength, and the extra cost involved by payments to our own citizens in order to be quit of a foreign debt is a price well worth paying for finishing an uncomfortable job forthwith instead of taking twenty-five years or more over it.

Criticisms of the scheme, however, have chiefly harped on this question of cost. "As a financial operation," said the *Times*, we should lose and not gain if the securities sold gave a higher yield than the interest that we should have to pay on the American debt." "The operation would be a costly one," said the *Financial News*, "and instead of paying interest and sinking fund on our debt to America, we should be paying a somewhat larger sum to our own citizens." But every authority who has written on the subject of State debts has noted the very different weight of the burden imposed by periodical payments to foreigners, as compared with that involved by the mere redistribution of a nation's wealth that is produced by payments

due to its own members. The *Financial News*, however, goes further and says that "we should lose the command of foreign commodities which our foreign investment permits us to draw over and above the value of our annual exports, and we should lose our traditional position as the money market of the world." But is this so? Instead of our drawing commodities from abroad and shipping them to the United States (or refraining from buying in the United States), goods would go to America on our account and we should thus be either set free from the need to ship to America or enabled to buy in America. At present our power to draw goods from other countries is partially balanced by our debt to America; if the latter were eliminated by the transfer of securities we should cancel a credit and a debit, and be more or less as we were. In a letter published in last week's SATURDAY REVIEW, Sir Ernest Benn argued that the transfer of goods to America involves employment and profit: from this it would seem to follow that a foreign debt is a profitable asset that will keep us comfortably busy. As to losing our traditional position as the money market of the world, surely that is seriously weakened by the existence of our debt to America, the payment of which would restore rather than lose it.

In the *Morning Post* the more serious objection was made that the proposal might be "open to misconception" in the United States. This is perhaps possible, but it seems to be hardly likely. If a debtor, who is able to say that he only borrowed in order to help his needier friends who were on his side in the biggest fight that ever happened, can then, when asked to arrange for meeting his debt, say that he will pay at once if his creditor will accept a block of his savings in payment, the creditor may refuse to take them, but can hardly regard his debtor as other than a willing payer, ready to meet him more than half way. The *Post* also fears that the rise in the American exchange which might be the first effect of such an operation might tend to "mislead us to our real economic position." Is it really worth while to owe a huge foreign debt so that our financial rulers may not be careless and light-hearted? Perhaps it almost is. The *Daily Telegraph* questions the amount of our foreign securities, and a good deal of guess work is certainly involved in estimates of their value. It may be noted, however, that Mr. McKenna, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer at the time of the war mobilization of our investments and so had special knowledge concerning them, told the New York bankers last week that "England still owns sufficient foreign securities to cover her debt to the United States two or three times over." The *Telegraph* was also grieved because I distinguished between the quality of our debt to America and those of our Allies to us. "To discriminate," said its City editor, "between debts because one borrower can pay and another temporarily cannot do so—to call one a 'real' debt and the other 'theatrical money,' when the same consideration has been given for both, is foolish, and in the present case is insulting to some of our debtors. If Mr. Withers lends money to the British Government and also to an industrial undertaking which cannot immediately repay what he has lent, is not his debt from the latter a 'real' debt? Since when has temporary inability to repay a debt turned it into 'theatrical money'?" Everything depends on what is meant by "temporary" inability, and whether it is accompanied by lack of intention, on the part of debtors who cannot be legally sued.

The question of the consideration given has nothing to do with the value of a debt, but solely the likelihood of its payment. Next time I have the pleasure of a game of Bridge with Mr. Reeve, and he, *more suo*, doubles me and downs me when I go "no trumps" on general weakness, I will pay him in an I O U due on the day when our debts from our Allies have been paid. And he will light a cigar with it. HARTLEY WITHERS

THE FINANCES OF HOME RAILWAYS

FROM A CORRESPONDENT

BRITISH railways, now in the course of being amalgamated into territorial groups, have no easy financial task before them. They had no opportunity of making large war profits. From the first day of hostilities in 1914 they were requisitioned by the Government and run under the control of the Board of Trade. This control was exercised through an Executive Committee of general managers and was subject to the Government guarantee that the net earnings available to the companies should be those of 1913. Apart from sums falling due under this guarantee the Government made no payments in respect of war services until the final adjustment was made by Sir Eric Geddes and embodied in the Railways Act of 1921. Under the Geddes settlement and the Ministry of Transport Act, 1919, the guarantee of the net profits of 1913 was continued until August 15, 1921, and a lump sum of 60 millions was agreed on in full discharge of all claims by the Companies against the Government in respect of agreements made from time to time with the Board of Trade.

The railway companies were then left to make the best they could of the situation. Wages had advanced enormously, coal was still at very high prices, much capital expenditure needed to be incurred to provide for the wear and tear of the war years and to meet the demands of railway development. Traders and passengers, as soon as the railways came into their own again, began to press for reduction in rates and fares, and that pressure continues to this day. Reductions have been made in goods rates and passenger fares are expected to be lowered this autumn. The companies were naturally anxious to keep up their dividends for two reasons: First, shareholders during the war had received in the aggregate dividends based on pre-war net earnings less the war rates of income tax, and so had been worse off actually and much worse off relatively to the cost of living than before the war. Secondly, the companies whose prior securities were on the Trustee List would see them automatically come off unless the dividends on ordinary stocks could be paid at the standard laid down in the Trustee Act. Sums taken from the 60 millions might be used for dividend purposes in times of stress, though the practice could not be continued for long; besides, it was financially unwise since the money was needed for necessary capital expenditure. We see, then, how the occurrence of the war, and the financial arrangements made during and after the war, left the railways in a worse position than most other industries. They had had no opportunity of "profiteering" and of piling up reserves during the war years. Expenses had been heaped upon them, and though the Railways Act, 1921, assured them—or tried to assure them—of legal rates and fares adequate to meet the new situation and to keep net earnings at the pre-war level, the pressure to reduce both rates and fares in the circumstances of trade depression became, and remains, insistent.

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

Funds £26,401,000.

Income £8,048,000

London: 61 Threadneedle Street. E.C. 2

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

The latest particulars setting forth the financial position of the railways as a whole is contained in the Railway Returns for 1921, which has been issued as a Blue Book at the uninviting price of one guinea net. This shows that the capital expenditure up to December 31 last had been 1,160 millions, or 52.5 millions in excess of the capital receipts. More than five millions of capital expenditure was incurred during last year in excess of the receipts of that year. The average rates of dividend paid on the ordinary stocks of all the United Kingdom railways was 4.83 per cent., or slightly less than in 1920. Rates and fares had been advanced in 1920, so that there were no further increases in rates during 1921. The coal stoppage which lasted from April 1 till July 2 caused an almost complete suspension of mineral traffic, and the general trade depression which began in 1920 extended throughout the year. Under these circumstances it is scarcely surprising to find that the net earnings were minus £5,892,000 and that the available earnings were brought up to £51,923,000 by payments from the Government. The net earnings were more than 15 millions worse than in 1920 and the compensation which fell to be paid by the Government was 10 millions more. The gross traffic receipts were 246 millions and the gross expenditure 256.3 millions, the deficit being reduced to 5.9 millions by the miscellaneous receipts of 4.4 millions. It was from this position, nine months ago, of practical bankruptcy that the railway companies were left to recover, and to aid them they possessed the 60 millions of taxpayers' money agreed to under the Geddes settlement. It will be understood that this sum of 60 millions was in addition to the fifty odd millions of public money which, in respect of the period January to August 15, 1921, brought up their net earnings of the year to the level of 1913, and enabled the companies to pay dividends although their actual net earnings, as seen above, were a negative quantity.

Experience during the past nine months has been better than might have been expected. The cost of coal has fallen greatly, the cost of other stores has also been less, and the wages bill has come down under the sliding scale arrangement based on the Ministry of Labour's cost of living index number. Prices generally show a tendency to become stable at about 60 per cent. above the pre-war level, and wages, which depend upon prices, are also becoming stable. Business driven away or restricted by high rates and fares should return—at least in part—as they are lowered. While road transport may compete with railways for short distances they still have a practical monopoly of long distance heavy traffic. Road competition tends, too, to defeat itself by hopelessly congesting roads which were built in other and less strenuous days. In and near big cities we are approaching the condition of America, where all classes are driven to the railways—and railways built to accommodate them—because the roads are jammed tight with too abundant cars. One's impression is that the railways are emerging from the worst of their financial entanglements and that the new Groups, given careful and perspicuous management, should achieve for the shareholders a moderate competence.

Overseas News

Switzerland. For months the Swiss money market has shown extreme abundance. Though the bank rate there equals that of the Bank of England, private discount is much cheaper, first class acceptances going as low as 1½ per cent. So far this plethora has not yet had a stimulating effect on trade, and short money is in very poor request at 1 per cent.; advances on securities quoted on the Bourses hardly command more than 4½ per cent. The banks, therefore, find it a difficult task to make satisfactory use of the funds at their disposal. A welcome opening consequently has presented itself with the discounting of the German Treasury Bills

given to Belgium in settlement of the first two reparations instalments, originally payable in August and September last. These bills, falling due on February 15 and March 15 next year, amount to 96 million gold marks, equal to nearly 119 million Swiss francs. A syndicate of banks in Switzerland, with the Swiss Bankverein at their head, has agreed to purchase this paper from the Belgian Treasury on the basis of a 4½ per cent. rate of discount. It may be mentioned, by the way, that contrary to a rumour circulated recently, no banks of other nationality have participated in the deal. The bills are endorsed by the Reichsbank and by the Brussels authorities and are payable in London, according to an agreement made between the Bank of England and the Reichsbank. The Swiss banks run no exchange risk, as they receive in payment the equivalent of the gold marks in Swiss francs, just as they have remitted to Belgium the net value of the bills in the same currency. The total of the transaction is hardly sufficiently large to exercise any lasting effect on the Swiss money market. Another participation in an international credit operation is at present under consideration. The Federal Council has come to the decision to recommend to the National Assembly that Switzerland shall join the great Powers in connexion with the projected Austrian loan. It appears that, after having consulted the party leaders, it has been agreed to guarantee a maximum amount of 20 million francs. The proposal, however, has provoked a certain amount of hostile criticism, but the ultimate decision in this matter rests with the legislature, and not with the extremists, who appear to be out of sympathy with the bourgeois cabinet ruling in Vienna, and who would like to see it replaced by a Socialist ministry.

Italy. The reconstruction of the unfortunate Ansaldo concern, whose downfall provoked the troubles of the Banca di Sconto, is now to be taken in hand. Apparently the intention of the banks responsible for the reconstruction is to keep alive the promising enterprises of the group and to get rid of the doubtful assets. Nothing, however, appears to be settled yet as to the financial side of the reorganization. Apparently the scheme formulated some months ago is held up by the absence of a decision on the part of the Italian Government regarding the claims against the company for war profit duty. Originally the company was to pay 400 million lire, but this amount has been reduced considerably since, and the group responsible for the salvage operations hopes that the whole amount will be forgiven. Thus the capital of 200 million lire would be reduced to 10 millions, and fresh funds would be supplied, whilst the unsecured creditors would receive 50 per cent. of the original amounts claimed by them. Pending the execution of this larger scheme it is now proposed to deal with the industrial side of the reorganization problem. For that purpose a new company is to be formed, the Società per Azioni Ansaldo, having its head office at Genoa. The Società Italiana Giorgio Ansaldo e Cia, the old concern, is to supply the necessary funds together with the Banca Nazionale di Credito, the successor of the Banca di Sconto. The works to be taken over by the new company include the well-known shipbuilding yards of Sestri and Borgoli and the Genoa yards, further the locomotive and wagon factories, the gun factory at Campi, and several metallurgical works. The old company apparently retains the mining interests; amongst these are the iron-ore mines of Cogne, situated in the Alpine regions, which will require large amounts of working capital before they will be able to pay their way. Furthermore there are aviation and motor works, a factory turning out heavy guns, and the Spezia shipyards, which will be controlled, as hitherto, by the original owners. For the works transferred to the new company 28½ million lire are to be given in shares. The old company will continue to provide the interest service for the mortgages charged on the properties retained by it, some of which are likely to be floated off at the first opportunity.

BRITISH EQUITABLE ASSURANCE COMPANY, Ltd.

ACCUMULATED FUNDS EXCEED	...	£1,648,900
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL	£300,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL	£34,500

The Company transacts the following classes of business:

LIFE, FIRE, ACCIDENT, BURGLARY, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY, MOTOR CAR, THIRD PARTY, AND PLATE GLASS.

Write for particulars of the NEW MONTHLY PREMIUM POLICY WITHOUT MEDICAL EXAMINATION.

To the MANAGER, 1, 2 & 3, Queen St. Place, London, E.C.4

WISE WEDLOCK

This new volume by Dr. G. Courtenay Beale is full of sane, sober information with an entire absence of the frivolity and unnecessary eroticism which some authors exploit when writing upon intimate matrimonial relationships. Enquiries which reach us through the articles on Birth Control, published in our 6d. monthly magazine, "Health and Efficiency," proves that there is a very urgent need for plain, straightforward answers to questions that trouble 99 per cent. of married couples. This demand has been filled by

Wise Wedlock 6/9 Post Free

It is a most necessary book for every man and woman of mature age, and should be read very carefully by those about to be married. It will save much misunderstanding and promote very considerable happiness. The price includes a copy of "Health and Efficiency," the only journal in the English language with an advanced programme for Personal and Social Health, Purity and Physical Culture.

Send your Cheque or P.O. for 6s. 9d. to—

HEALTH PROMOTION, LTD.,
Dept. 200 19-21 LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

A Few Facts and Figures

relative to the work of the

National Institute for the Blind

(Registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920)

During the year ended March 31st, 1922:

Over 220,000 volumes, pamphlets, magazines, periodicals, etc., in Braille and Moon types were published.

Nearly 3,000 books and magazines, etc., were presented free of charge to the National Library for the Blind.

Over 19,000 music volumes and pamphlets were produced.

Over 71,000 visits were made by home teachers of the blind.

Over 48,000 embossed books were distributed by them.

Over £11,300 was distributed in relief.

Gifts to the value of nearly £1,000 were provided. Educational and training fees amounting to over £4,750 were paid.

Grants amounting to over £40,700 were made to local institutions for the blind,

and work in connection with

the Blind Babies' Home, the School of Massage, Homes for Blind Women, Guest-House for the Aged Blind, Club for Blind Girls, etc., was continued with increasing success.

This wonderful national work needs, however, your constant support.

Please send a donation—the smallest is urgently needed—to G. F. Mowatt, Hon. Treas., National Institute for the Blind, 224, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

CHAMBERS'S ANNOUNCEMENTS

REVISED EDITION OF

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA

In 10 Volumes, Imp. 8vo. Vol. I. in October, Cloth, 20s. net.

The subsequent volumes will be published at intervals of not more than three months. The following additional eminent writers may be mentioned among those who have contributed to this revised edition:—

Lord BIRKENHEAD
Sir OLIVER J. LODGE
GEORGE BERNARD
SHAW

Dr. E. J. DILLON
G. K. CHESTERTON
Sir JOHN SIMON
Lord ASKWITH
A. C. BENSON
Sir E. W. BRABROOK

Prof. Sir JOHN MAC-
PHERSON
Prof. E. H. PARKER
Admiral Sir R. TUPPER
Sir H. W. BARLOW
Dr. W. S. BRUCE
Prof. W. A. BONE
Prof. A. HARDING
Prof. A. BERRIEDALE
KEITH
Sir A. DANIEL HALL

CHAMBERS'S CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

3 Vols., Cloth, £3 net; Half Morocco, £6.

This standard work has been brought up-to-date by a thorough revision of the later section of the third volume, in which writers are now included who have come to the front in recent years.

I CAN REMEMBER ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Edited by ROSALINE MASSON. 7s. 6d. net.

Personal recollections of Robert Louis Stevenson, including contributions from Thomas Hardy, O.M.; Sir James M. Barrie, Bart., O.M.; Sir Sidney Colvin; Edmund Gosse; Sir Graham Balfour; William Archer; Lord Dunedin; Lady Guthrie; Sir R. R. Simpson; Lady Jersey, etc.

THE REAL ROBERT BURNS

By J. L. HUGHES, LL.D. Author of "Dickens as an Educator," etc., etc. 6s. net.

THE CLOISTER AND THE HEARTH

By CHARLES READE. 10s. 6d. net.

A charming edition with Twenty Original Drawings in Colour and numerous Pen-and-Ink Sketches by GORDON BROWNE.

NEW BOOKS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Tastefully bound with attractive Colour Jackets and Charming Illustrations.

STIRRING DAYS IN OLD VIRGINIA. ESCOTT LYNN. 6s. net.

THE BIG ROW AT RANGER'S: A School Story. KENT CARR. 5s. net.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE FIFTH. ELSIE OXENHAM. 5s. net.

ONLY PAT: A Nairobi School-Girl. MAY BALDWIN. 5s. net.

GERRY GOES TO SCHOOL. ELINOR M. BRENT DYER. 3s. 6d. net.

COOKERY BOOKS

By MARION H. NEIL, formerly Cookery Editor of "The Ladies' Home Journal." Each 3s. 6d. net.

THE THRIFT COOK BOOK. Entirely New Volume.

HOW TO COOK IN CASSEROLE DISHES. New Edition.

CANDIES AND BONBONS. New Edition.

CANNING, PRESERVING AND PICKLING. New Edition.

W. & R. CHAMBERS LIMITED,

38 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON, W.1.

339 HIGH STREET, EDINBURGH

Holland. Though some of the industries appear to be looking up, general conditions in Holland are far from cheerful, particularly as the anticipated big cuts in the State expenditure are slow to materialize. The budget brought in by the new Government a few days ago, it is true, shows some slight reductions, but they are trivial if compared with the 100 million guilders declared imperative by the big commercial associations. Government finance appears to be the bugbear of the Dutch investor at the present moment. After having burnt his fingers in buying industrials, which nobody wants at present, he rather exports his capital to the U.S.A., England and Scandinavia. Large lines of dollar securities have been taken up during the past months in Holland, and recent reports speak of purchases of our 5 per cent. War Loan and of Scandinavian, particularly Danish and Norwegian State Loans. These purchases involve an element of gambling, as they are based on the expectation that the Dutch currency will sooner or later depreciate as compared with the dollar, sterling, and with the Scandinavian kroner, which are quoted at present below their normal level. Money is plentiful as far as short dated accommodation is concerned, and Stock Exchange loans are obtainable at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The banks, however, are not eager to grant fresh loans to their trading and manufacturing customers, and would rather get rid of old commitments outstanding in these quarters. This proves that the frozen credits are still hampering their freedom of action, and that confidence stands yet at a low ebb. It is perhaps not astonishing that the question whether the State could not do something for the trading community, as far as easier credits are concerned, should be in the mind of some of those who suffer from the prevailing lack of financial assistance, but no workable scheme has been put forward so far, and it is difficult to see how the Government can lend its hand to any such proposal at a time when everybody calls for economy in public expenditure.

United States. As one suspected, the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Bill was carried through the Senate on a flood of rhetoric, and the report of the proceedings makes strange reading. Representative Fordney, whose name takes first honours in the title of the Bill, and who has received from the President the gold-mounted fountain pen with which the Bill was signed, waxed particularly eloquent. After stating that it had been clearly shown that "foreign goods are selling in our markets at profits of from 100 to several thousand per cent.," Mr. Fordney, according to the *New York Times*, went on to say "this Act reaches out to gather in more of the foreigners' outrageous profits in reduction of the taxes of our people. . . . The proponents of this Act believe in American institutions, in American industry, in American labour, in American men and women, and by this law present to the country a purely American Act. To those who believe in flooding our markets with cheap foreign goods, closing our mills, throwing our labour out of employment and mortgaging our farms, while the foreign mills run overtime, the foreign farms thrive, and labour prospers, this Act, as proclaimed by them is 'infamous' and 'outrageous,' but to those who believe in American prosperity, in American institutions, and American labour, this Act is salvation." And all this stuff is swallowed when America has a favourable trade balance for eight months of \$487 millions, and has accumulated a mountain of gold.

New Issues

Bryant & May. Issue at 93 of £750,000 5 per cent. Debenture Stock, 1932/1942. The company has acquired control of Maguire, Paterson & Palmer, match manufacturers, R. Bell & Co., and Maguire, Paterson & Palmer (Canada), which has a match splint factory at Pembroke, Ontario, and owns timber limits on the Ottawa River extending to about 480,000 acres. The

proceeds of the present issue are required for the above purchases, the repayment of the £300,000 outstanding $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Five-Year Notes, and generally financing the company's activities. The stock will be secured by first specific charge on the freehold lands and factory at Glasgow, and on the land, buildings and factory, with fixed plant and machinery thereon, of Maguire, Paterson & Palmer, at Garston, and also by specific charge on the lands, buildings, plant and machinery of the company at London and Liverpool, subject only to the existing charge thereon for securing the outstanding £180,000 of 4 per cent. debenture stock. The value of the assets specifically pledged is not shown, but the stock looks like a good industrial investment.

Stock Market Letter

The Stock Exchange, Thursday

How much interest is a man or woman entitled to expect from investment in stocks and shares?

War Stock is, according to the newspapers, the standard by which other things stand—or fall. (District Railway Ordinary pays a trifle under $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money: Chartered pay nothing, and are likely to maintain this rate for some years yet). The War Loan offers about a florin over 5 per cent. on the money, allowing for accrued interest, and as the price is so close to 100, no complications regarding redemption-value need perplex. As, however, the loan can be paid off in seven years time, at 100, the War Loan is not altogether a correct criterion to the austere, who demand a more permanent security for their standard. The $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Conversion, which runs until 1961, yields $\pounds 4$ 14s. per cent. at $74\frac{1}{2}$. Four per cent. Funding, which is dated 1960-90, gives $\pounds 4$ 15s. per cent. at $84\frac{1}{2}$. Midland Railway $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Debenture Stock at $52\frac{1}{2}$ offers $\pounds 4$ 15s. 3d. per cent. on the money. Consols, invariably regarded as irredeemable, pay $\pounds 4$ 7s. at the present price. In a sentence, the best-class long-dated securities yield about five shillings under 5 per cent. on the money. So this makes a good starting-price.

Home Railway Ordinary and Deferred Stocks ought to give 7 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the money: at least, that is what I think about it. You can get it from North Western, Great Western, and Midland Deferred. North Easterns are bought up to a lower level of yield by people who think that the stock will eventually get more than the $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. paid for 1921. Southern passenger stocks the speculators cling to because of the hopes raised around the grouping prospects. But in view of the peculiar temptations to labour troubles suffered by the Home Railway industry, it does not seem extravagant to think that 7 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. is a reasonable minimum to ask from the Ordinary and Deferred stocks. The prudent man should demand very good reasons if he is urged to buy stocks which yield under 7 per cent.

On oil shares, be bold and go for nothing or ten per cent. In "nothing," I should include any rate up to 4 per cent., because with risky things like oil shares, 4 per cent. is neither here nor there. The tangible advantage of buying shares that do not yield a dividend is, of course, the non-liability for income-tax. In the 1918-9 boom, clients would tell us straight out that what they wanted was shares which would go up: not shares that paid dividends from which tax was deducted. We have travelled some way past that madness; a way strewn with losses almost as incredible as the craze for over-capitalization that caused so many of them. The melancholy example of the Sheffield Steel Products Company is this week's contribution to the list of monstrously over-capitalized concerns that have rushed to a violent end of their financial resources. It is difficult to say what rubber shares should be bought to yield, seeing that the outlook for the industry is bound up in the future. Comparatively few of the companies pay dividends at all, but one would hesitate

bove
ding
cing
d by
ctory
ctory,
uire,
ific
inery
only
out-
The
own,
nt.

ay
ed to

the
(Dis-
cent.
likely
War
the
price
emp-
an be
an is
who
lard.
1961,
und-
cent.
Stock
Con-
4 7s.
long-
5 per
ting-

ught
that
North
North
ld by
y get
them
se of
But
bles
s not
is a
and
mand
which

en per
up to
res, 4
e ad-
idend
n the
that
: not
s de-
mad-
ble as
many
effield
ion to
s that
sources.
ld be
dustry
of the
sitate

Company Meeting

VAN DEN BERGHS LIMITED
CONDITIONS CHANGING FOR THE BETTER.

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of Van den Berghs Limited was held on the 6th inst., at Winchester House, E.C.

Mr. Henry Van den Bergh (the chairman of the company) presided, and, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that in spite of the figures that were being submitted to the meeting he did not propose to apologise for the results; but rather to congratulate the shareholders on having weathered the storm which had disturbed the industrial world during the last two years in such a satisfactory manner. Few business experts had foreseen the world-wide collapse in values that had occurred in the early months of 1921. Their company's business emphatically did not consist in buying a commodity to-day and selling it to-morrow. Provision for keeping their factories supplied with raw material had to be made months in advance; they were bound to buy ahead, and consequently the abnormal fall had affected them greatly. Fortunately markets had now come down to more normal levels, and such great fluctuations were not likely to occur again in the future. They were now in a better position with regard to raw materials, but still had to reckon with the fluctuations of the foreign exchanges. However, by constant care and watchfulness, those difficulties were being surmounted. A comparison of the figures in the present balance-sheet with those of last year revealed the great changes in trade conditions and reflected similar changes in the world markets following the post-war boom. The final figure in the profit and loss account was a balance on the credit side of £166,566, from which accrued dividends were deducted, leaving £106,964. That was not a big sum, compared with former amounts carried forward; but they possessed their reserve fund of £500,000 untouched, and thus they started the new year with £600,000 to the good. Their factories were fully equipped and well up to date, and unremitting attention had been given to the effecting of economies and the adoption of new methods of manufacture, by which superiority was secured. In that respect they were not behind any of the company's competitors. They had succeeded in regaining all the company's connections, and were doing a good and extending trade in the various countries in which the company and its associated companies were working. "Blue Band" was continually adding to its popularity. There had been no strikes to contend with, and the board were pleased with the way in which the factories had been conducted. He was confident that the character of the company as a profit-earning concern, proved by the results in former years, had been maintained unimpaired. Since the beginning of the year the adverse conditions under which it had commenced had gradually changed for the better. The board were fully satisfied with the results obtained during recent months, which he was glad to say were being well maintained.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW—an index to the contents is published half-yearly at 6d. Write: The Publisher, THE SATURDAY REVIEW, LTD., 9 King Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.

Saturday Review Competitions

OCTOBER 14, 1922

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

Mortgages]

ESTABLISHED 1837

[Annuities

FUNDS EXCEED £2,000,000

Chief Office: 103 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C. 4

Board of Directors.

ALFRED JAMES SHEPHERD, Esq., Chairman.

C. E. VERNON RUTTER, Esq., Deputy Chairman.

W. J. BRADY, Esq.

Rt. Hon. LORD FARRER.

Capt. Hon. E. A. FITZROY, M.P.

D. C. RUTHERFORD, Esq., J.P.

Rt. Hon. Sir C. E. M. HOSKINS, Bart.

E. J. HOLLAND, Esq., J.P.

Double advantage policies issued assuring two payments of the amount insured—one payment on the attainment of a specified age, and a second payment at death hereafter. Life Assurance without Medical Examination. No extra charge for female lives.

ALBERT BURTON NYE, Secretary.

Visitors to London and Residents should use
DARLINGTON'S

"Very emphatically tops them all."—DAILY GRAPHIC.
"A brilliant book."—THE TIMES.
"Particularly good"—ACADEMY.

AND By Sir Ed. T. COOK, K.B.E. 6th Edition Revised. 10/-

ENVIRONS. 30 Maps and Plans. 80 Illustrations.

"The best handbook to London ever issued."—LIVERPOOL DAILY POST.

60 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 7/6 100 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 7/6

NORTH WALES. DEVON AND CORNWALL.

60 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 6/- 100 Illustrations. Maps & Plans. 4/-

FRENCH & ITALIAN RIVIERA. W. SWITZERLAND & CHAMONIX (France)

50 Illustrations. 6 Maps. 4/- 50 Illustrations. 6 Maps. 4/-

N. DEVON & N. CORNWALL. S. DEVON & S. CORNWALL.

2/6 THE HOTELS OF THE WORLD.

A Handbook to the Leading Hotels throughout the World.

Llangollen—Darlington. London—Simkin's. Paris and New York—

Brentano's. Railway Bookstalls and all Booksellers.

London County Westminster
and Parr's Bank Limited

ESTABLISHED IN 1836.

Chairman: WALTER LEAF.

Deputy-Chairmen: SIR MONTAGU TURNER, R. HUGH TENNANT

AUTHORISED CAPITAL	£33,000,000
PAID-UP CAPITAL	9,003,718
RESERVE	9,003,718

(30th JUNE, 1922)

Current, Deposit and other Accounts	£299,512,964
-------------------------------------	-----	-----	--------------

Head Office: 41, LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C.2.

Chief General Manager: JOHN RAE.

Foreign Branch Office: 82, CORNHILL, LONDON, E.C.3.

AFFILIATED ABROAD.

LONDON COUNTY WESTMINSTER & PARR'S FOREIGN BANK, LTD

BRANCHES IN BELGIUM, FRANCE AND SPAIN

Every description of British and Foreign
Banking Business Transacted

AFFILIATED IN IRELAND.

ULSTER BANK LIMITED.

All Cheques on the Ulster Bank will be collected
for Customers of this Bank, free of Commission.

The Bank is represented by Branches or Agents in all the Principal
Cities and Towns of the United Kingdom and has Correspondents
throughout the World.

EXECUTOR AND TRUSTEE DUTIES UNDERTAKEN.

to say, because of this, that there may not be reasonably-priced shares to be picked up. Indeed, any broker in the House would make out a little list of rubber companies supplied with sufficient cash to carry them on for another couple of years, whose prospects are good enough to make the shares worth having at any reasonable figure. I do not mean that anyone should rush after rubber shares, with orders to buy "at best," simply because the Stevenson Commission report, out on Thursday morning, has sent a pleasant glow of hopefulness through a market which has been chilled to the marrow by reason of conditions largely due to the dissensions and mismanagement of the industry from the selling point of view. Good rubber shares are worth having to put away, but nobody must look for much in the way of dividends for another couple of years.

It seems anomalous to suggest that Preference shares of the best class are worth prices at which the yield is only 5 per cent. on the money. Nevertheless, there are people who are willing to pay prices for such shares, and to them it may be of service to point out that recently a few Salmon & Gluckstein 10 per cent. Preference have come in, with the result that they can be picked up at 38s. or thereabouts. The dividend is guaranteed by the Imperial Tobacco Company, and is amply covered. At the present price, the yield works out to 5½ per cent. on the money, with dividends payable in January and July. The Aerated Bread Company's new 6½ per cent. Preference shares issued at a guinea, can be bought at about 22s. fully-paid, whereas the return is £5 18s. 2d. per cent. It is cheaper, however, to buy the shares partly paid, and to meet the calls as these fall due. The company has no debentures. With such shares as these, there is, of course, no earthly chance of making such glittering profits as can be taken by the recent buyers of British & Argentine Meat shares, obtainable a few days ago at 35s.; shares which can be sold to-day some 20s. higher. But these latter are the things one dreams about; puts one's clients into, but never has the sense to buy on private account.

JANUS

Money and Exchange

Money was very plentiful in the early part of the week, but the market was rather disappointed first because the official figures showed that the Government had not borrowed from the Bank as much as was expected, secondly because the effect of its borrowing was less pronounced than it might have been. It seems likely that when the Government gets free from debt to the Bank, there will be very little margin in the hands of the market. This week's Bank return shows a decrease of £5½ millions in the Government securities held. Among foreign exchanges the fresh break in the mark carried it to a hitherto unheard of depreciation, chiefly because anybody who receives marks immediately turns them into foreign currencies or diamonds or any goods that are thought to be better to hold than a currency for whose prospects no one has a good word to say. Rumours of intended official efforts to steady it checked the decline, but are received with scepticism by the well-informed.

Review

British and Continental Labour Policy. By B. G. de Montgomery. Kegan Paul. 21s. net.

THIS is an account of modern Labour policy in Great Britain, France and the Scandinavian countries and covers the period from 1900-1922. The book, which is comprehensive, is divided into two parts. The first deals historically with such questions as Socialism, Syndicalism, Guild Socialism and Trade Unionism, and is of the nature of a general survey of the political Labour movement in the five countries: the second is concerned with special issues of Labour policy

including the legal position of trade unions, conciliation and arbitration, unemployment, nationalization, etc. Based primarily upon official documents and authoritative expressions of opinion, the work is pleasantly free from propaganda. This is claimed as a distinctive feature. Certainly the compiler of a reference work should be independent and also the exercise of his critical faculty should be confined to the right valuation of materials he finds to his hand. Mr. Montgomery has these qualifications in large measure: his claim to independence appears to be well established and the extracts and references given indicate that he has selected with discrimination. On the rare occasions when he is betrayed into an expression of opinion his judgment is not always strictly correct. For example, he writes that "Communism has as yet exercised very little influence upon the British Labour movement. However, it is gradually gaining ground among the trade unions..." As a matter of fact, notwithstanding the provocation of widespread unemployment, Communism in Great Britain makes no progress. Then, too, Mr. Montgomery, comparing the writings of modern Fabians with the Fabian essays of twenty years ago, states that "we are struck by noticing the extent to which their standard of scientific accuracy has declined, save in some honourable exceptions," and continues, "the Fabian Society will lose its world-wide reputation as a scientific and intellectual body unless the standard of work produced by its spokesmen and leaders is raised to its old level." Mr. Montgomery saves himself by the "honourable exceptions," but his criticism is at least much too severe. One has only to point to such recent writings as Mr. Tawney's 'The Sickness of an Acquisitive Society,' or Mr. and Mrs. Webb's 'Consumers' Co-operative Movement,' to see that although the uniform brilliance of the early tracts may have been lost the deterioration is not to the extent which Mr. Montgomery would appear to imply. These, however, are minor criticisms of a work of great scope and utility. It is true that the literature dealing with the Labour movement of Great Britain (with which Mr. Montgomery is chiefly occupied) is already extensive, but the impartial treatment and the wide range of the investigations fully justify the publication. The section dealing with France presents less familiar matter and the informing account of the Labour movement in Scandinavia has, we believe, no rival in English.

Dividends

ANGLO-SOUTH AMERICAN BANK. Final 6s. per share, making 12 p.c. for year ended June 30, against 15 p.c. for 1920-21.
DIRECT UNITED STATES CABLE. Interim 2 p.c., as a year ago.
FORTNUM AND MASON. Interim 3½ p.c. on Ord., as a year ago.
FREDERICK HOTELS. 6d. per share on Ord. for year ended June 30, as for 1920-21.
HARRISONS AND CROSFIELD. 5 p.c. on Deferred Ord. and 5 p.c. on Management shares for year ended June 30. For 1920-21 the Deferred Ord. received 7½ p.c., and the Management shares 23½ p.c.
LIMA RAILWAYS. Interim 1s. 8d. per share, as a year ago.
NIZAMS GUARANTEED STATE RAILWAYS. Final 2½ p.c. on Capital Stock, plus bonus of 2 p.c., making 7 p.c. for year ended March 31, as for 1920-21.
NOVELLO AND CO. 30 p.c. on Ord. for year ended June 30, against 25 p.c. for 1920-21.
ORIENTAL TELEPHONE. Interim 4 p.c. on Ord., as a year ago.
RIO TINTO. Interim 10s. per share on Ord. The previous Ord. dividend was a final £1, making a total of £2 for 1919.
ROYAL INSURANCE. Interim 11s. per share, as a year ago.

Publications Received

Live Stock Financing. Address of Eugene Meyer, jun., Managing Director, War Finance Corporation, before the American National Live Stock Association.
The Bulletin of the Federation of British Industries. Oct. 10. This issue contains a transport supplement dealing with the subject from the point of view of the industrialist.
Commerce Monthly. Oct. National Bank of Commerce in New York.
The Guaranty Survey. Sept. 25. Guaranty Trust Co. of New York.
Cull and Co.'s Financial Review. Oct. Annual Subscription £1.

High-Class Cinemas.

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, KINGSWAY

(Managing Director: SIR OSWALD STOLL)

(SUNDAYS 6 to 8-15 & 8-15 to 10.30. CHANGE OF PROGRAMME.)

NEXT MON., TUES. and WED.—1.45 to 10.30.

Katherine Newlin Burt's story "SNOW BLIND"

Cosmo Hamilton's story "WEALTH" featuring ETHEL CLAYTON

"ÆSOP'S FABLE," No. 25

NEXT THURS., FRI. and SAT.—1.45 to 10.30

"THE STING OF THE LASH" featuring PAULINE FREDERICK

"VI OF SMITH'S ALLEY" featuring VIOLET HOPSON

"A RAG DOLL ROMANCE" A Campbell comedy
featuring DOREEN TURNER & LAURENCE LECALVI

Travel

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s
Passenger and Freight Services.MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF,
BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN,
MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIAAddress for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street,
London, S.W. 1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C. 3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

Miscellaneous.

BOOKS.—Slater's Engravings and their Value, last edition, 42s.; G. K. Chesterton's New Jerusalem, 6s. 6d.; Koebel's Argentina Past and Present, 13s. 6d.; Tyndale's An Artist in the Riviera, £1; Borrow's Works, 6 vols., 35s.; Ruvigny's Titled Nobility of Europe, new copies, 1914, 42s., for 6s.; Sand's History of the Harlequinade, 2 vols., 16s.; Lewis the Monk: A Romance, 3 vols. (scarce), 21s.; Don Quixote, trans. by Shelton, 3 vols., 1908, 21s.; Knipe's Evolution in the Past, 1912, 21s.; Crawley's Mystic Rose, a Study of Primitive Marriage, 1902, 55s.; Westermarck's Human Marriage, 1902, 42s.; Rupert Brooke, Collected Poems, Riccardi Press, 1919, £2; Aphra Behn's Works, large paper copy, 6 vols., 1915, £5 5s. 0d.; Merriman's Novels, 8 vols., blue cloth (scarce), £3; Byron, Astarte by Earl of Lovelace, 18s., another Edit. de Luxe, £3 10s. 0d.; Fraser's Magic Art, 2 vols., 1913, 30s.; Baxter Prints: The Pictures of George Baxter, with 140 plates, just issued, £3 5s. 0d.; Gilfillan's British Poets, fine set, large type, 48 vols., £4 4s. 0d., 1854; Ruskin's Works, Best Library Edition, 39 vols., £25; Carmen, illus., by René Bull, Edit. de Luxe, 30s. Send also for Catalogue, 100,000 bargains on hand. If you want a book, and have failed to find it elsewhere, try me. Send a list of books you will exchange for others. EDWARD BAKER'S GREAT BOOKSHOP, 14-16 John Bright Street, Birmingham.

TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING of every description carefully and promptly executed at home. MSS. 1s. per 1,000 words, Carbon Copy 3d. per 1,000 words. Translations undertaken.—MISS NANCY MCFARLANE, 11, Palmeria Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

FACSIMILE TYPEWRITING. — Indistinguishable from genuine typewriting. Quarto or F'cap sheets. 3d. per line plus 1s. per 100 copies. Reductions on 1,000. Full price list and specimens on application. Typo Dept., Emergency Printing Co., 26 Charing Cross Rd., W.C.2 Tel.: Gerrard 4257.

TYPEWRITING BY EXPERTS.—Manuscripts, Articles, etc., undertaken at most reasonable prices. Theatrical and literary work a speciality. Terms on application. JOSEPHINE M. O'CALLAGHAN, 146, Fleet Street, E.C.4. Telephone: Central 2970.

MAJOR (32), just demob., requires responsible position in Journalism, Publicity, or General Management. Experienced organizer and administrator; five years as Assistant Editor and Advt. Manager; specialized knowledge of Literature, Music, Drama, Sport, Aviation. "Has initiative, and is not afraid of responsibility." Box 601, c/o SATURDAY REVIEW, 9, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

Theatres.

NEW THEATRE

St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2

Four Special Matinees

ON

MONDAYS, Oct. 16th, 23rd, 30th, and Nov. 6th,
at 2.30

OF

EURIPIDES' TRAGEDY

MEDEA

(Prof. Gilbert Murray's Translation)

SYBIL THORNDIKE

as "MEDEA"

LESLIE FABER

as "JASON"

Seats at the Theatre (Regent 4466) and all Libraries.

Concerts

A EOLIAN HALL, New Bond Street, W.
SATURDAYS, Oct. 21st, Nov. 4th, at 3.
JEAN STERLING MACKINLAY.
FOLK SONGS and OLD BALLADS.
JOHN DRINKWATER.
NEW POEMS.
10s. 6d., 5s. 9d., 3s. 6d., 2s. 4d. Mayfair 2097

Art Galleries.

OLD DUDLEY ART SOCIETY, Alpine Club Gallery, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W.
AUTUMN EXHIBITION, October 13th to 27th inclusive.
11 to 5. Admission free.

LONDON GROUP, MANSARD GALLERY
EXHIBITION OF MODERN PAINTING.
OPENS MONDAY, OCT. 16, to SATURDAY, NOV. 11.
Admission 1s. 3d. (Open all day Saturdays.)
HEAL & SON, LTD., 195, Tottenham Court Road, W.

PROVISION FOR YOUR FAMILY

For how many weeks after
death will the sum payable
under your Life Policy suffice
to maintain your family? Is
your life adequately insured?

PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

HOLBORN BARS, LONDON, E.C.1

Figures and Prices

PAPER MONEY (in millions)

	Latest Note Issues.	Stock of Gold.	Ratio of Gold to Notes.	Previous Note Issue.	Note Issue Sept. 30, 1921.
European Countries			%		
Austria	Kr. 1,960,310	?	—	1,700,865	70,171
Belgium	Fr. 6,518	267	4	6,483	6212
Britain (B. of E.)	£ 101			103	106
Britain (State)	£ 289	154	38	295	314
Bulgaria	Leva 3,800	38	1	3,758	3,266
Czecho-Slov.	Kr. 9,664	728†	7†	9,837	12,327
Denmark	Kr. 466	228	51†	423	493
Estonia	Mk. 700	291†	56	404	—
Finland	Mk. 1,355	43	3	1,363	1,383
France	Fr. 37,514	5,532	15	36,603	37,129
Germany (Bk.)	Mk. 316,870	1,005	—	290,678	86,384
" other	Mk. 21,829	—	—	27,294	7,838
Greece	Dr. 1,842	1371†	74†	1,786	1,877
Holland	Fl. 1,002	603	62	960	996
Hungary	Kr. 55,412	?	—	52,405	20,845
Italy (Bk.)	Lire 13,805	1,385†	10†	13,737	13,640
Jugo-Slavia	Dnrs. 5,145	78	1	5,149	4,476
Norway	Kr. 384	147	39	374	420
Poland	Mk. 417,851	31	—	409,266	182,777
Portugal	Esc. 849	9	1	847	670
Roumania	Lei 14,730	4,760	33	14,448	12,350
Spain	Pes. 4,140	2,523	61	4,142	4,246
Sweden	Kr. 605	274	45	523	650
Switzerland	Fr. 811	505	62	748	971
Other Countries					
Australia	£ 56	23	41	58	57
Canada (Bk.)	\$ 166			194	187
Canada (State)	\$ 269	185	36	269	260
Egypt	£E 27	3	10	28	35
India	Rs. 1,808	24	13	1,812	1,784
Japan	Yen. 1,103	1,275†	115†	1,280	1,230
New Zealand	£ 8	8†	100†	8	7
U.S. Fed. Res.	\$ 2,224	3,077	137	2,219	3,366

†Total cash.

GOVERNMENT DEBT (in thousands)

	Oct. 7, '22.	Sept. 30, '22.	Oct. 8, '21.
Total deadweight	7,613,241	7,597,531	7,638,913
Owed abroad	1,078,832	1,078,833	1,103,474
Treasury Bills	729,280	723,725	1,161,520
Bank of England Advances	15,500	—	37,250
Departmental Do.	178,549	148,199	157,283

NOTE.—The highest point of the deadweight debt was reached at Dec. 31, 1919, when it touched £7,998 millions. On March 31, 1921, it was £7,574 millions, and on March 31, 1922, £7,654 millions. The increase of £80 millions shown by the latter figures is nominal and due to a conversion scheme. During the year £88 millions was actually devoted to redemption of Debt.

GOVERNMENT ACCOUNTS (in thousands)

	Oct. 7, '22.	Sept. 30, '22.	Oct. 8, '21.
Total Revenue from Ap. 1	423,046	403,893	474,753
" Expenditure	384,287	347,424	540,338
Surplus or Deficit	+38,759	+56,469	—65,555
Customs and Excise	143,601	139,866	161,737
Income and Super Tax...	147,501	138,364	147,297
Stamps	8,552	8,502	7,536
Excess Profits Duties	954	954	28,644
Post Office	27,500	26,000	24,000
Miscellaneous—Special	26,321	25,796	52,417

BANK OF ENGLAND RETURNS (in thousands)

	Oct. 11, '22.	Oct. 4, '22.	Oct. 12, '21.
Public Deposits	15,160	16,696	15,016
Other	112,052	122,167	134,789
Total	127,212	138,863	149,805
Government Securities	54,892	60,267	64,851
Other	66,704	73,590	80,372
Total	121,596	133,857	145,223
Circulation	122,570	123,199	124,613
Do. less notes in currency reserve	101,420	102,049	105,163
Coin and Bullion	127,427	127,422	128,422
Reserve	23,307	22,672	22,258
Proportion	18.3%	16.3%	14½%

CURRENCY NOTES (in thousands)

	Oct. 11, '22.	Oct. 4, '22.	Oct. 12, '21.
Total outstanding	291,397	291,142	313,593
Called in but not cancelled	1,552	1,554	1,866
Gold backing	27,000	27,000	28,500
B. of E. note, backing	21,150	21,150	19,450
Total fiduciary issue	241,695	241,438	263,777

BANKERS CLEARING RETURNS (in thousands)

	Oct. 11, '22.	Oct. 4, '22.	Oct. 12, '21.
Town	622,309	662,235	520,889
Metropolitan	31,345	31,259	31,246
Country	62,775	52,303	60,997
Total	716,429	745,797	613,132
Year to date (all)	28,815,859	28,099,430	27,361,978
Do. (Country)	2,854,759	2,138,330	2,379,668

LONDON CLEARING BANK FIGURES (in thousands)

	Sept., '22.	Aug., '22.	Sept., '21.
Coin, notes, balances with	£ 197,620	£ 202,201	£ 213,250
Bank of England, etc.	1,703,911	1,732,153	1,814,710
Deposits	50,171	50,542	47,738
Acceptances	298,856	308,809	397,567
Discounts	460,471	409,010	322,032
Investments	728,834	731,954	804,371
Advances			

MONEY RATES

	Oct. 12, '22.	Oct. 5, '22.	Oct. 12, '21.
Bank Rate	% 3	% 3	% 5
Do. Federal Reserve N.Y.	4	4	5
3 Months' Bank Bills	2½	2½	4½
6 Months' Bank Bills	2½	2½	4½
Weekly Loans	1½	1½	4

FOREIGN EXCHANGES (telegraphic transfers)

	Oct. 12, '22.	Oct. 5, '22.	Oct. 12, '21.
New York, \$ to £	4.43½	4.43	3.85½
Do., 1 month forward	4.43½	4.43½	—
Montreal, \$ to £	4.42½	4.43	4.19½
Mexico d. to \$	26½d.	26½d.	33d.
B. Aires, d. to \$	44½d.	44d.	46½d.
Rio de Jan., d. to milrs.	6½d.	6½d.	8½d.
Valparaiso, \$ to £	31.10	32.30	32.30
Montevideo, d. to \$	42½d.	41d.	43d.
Lima, per Peru £	11½ prem.	11½	—
Paris, frs. to £	58.57	57.95	53.37½
Do., 1 month forward	58.60	57.97	—
Berlin, marks to £	11,000	9,700	538½
Brussels, frs. to £	63.60	61.80	53.70
Amsterdam, fl. to £	11.39½	11.39	11.50½
Switzerland, frs. to £	23.89	23.68	20.82½
Stockholm, kr. to £	16.64	16.63	16.60
Christiania, kr. to £	24.75	24.80	31.77½
Copenhagen, kr. to £	21.75	21.48	20.27½
Helsingfors, mkks. to £	192	197	254½
Italy, lire to £	103½	103½	100½
Madrid, pesetas to £	29.08	29.96	28.80
Greece, drachma to £	170	155	82
Lisbon, d. to escudo	2½d.	2½d.	5½d.
Vienna, kr. to £	325,000	315,000	7,600
Prague, kr. to £	131	132½	352½
Budapest, kr. to £	10,750	10,750	2,550
Bucharest, lei. to £	710	720	515
Belgrade, dinars to £	275	275	223
Sofia, leva to £	750	250	555
Warsaw, marks to £	45,500	39,500	14,500
Constantinople, piastres to £	760	725	660
Alexandria, piastres to £	97½	97½	97½
Bombay, d. to rupee	15½d.	15½d.	17½d.
Calcutta, d. to rupee	30½d.	31d.	35½d.
Hongkong, d. to dollar	40½d.	42d.	49½d.
Shanghai, d. to tael	28½d.	28d.	28d.
Singapore, d. to \$	26d.	26½d.	29½d.
Yokohama, d. to yen			

TRADE UNION PERCENTAGES OF UNEMPLOYED

	End Aug., 1922.	End July, 1922.	End Aug., 1921.
Membership	1,300,404	1,334,339	1,419,530
Reporting Unions	187,083	195,447	234,864
Unemployed	14.4	14.6	16.5

COAL OUTPUT

	Sept. 30, 1922.	Sept. 23, 1922.	Sept. 16, 1922.	Oct. 1, 1921.
Week ending	5,177,200	5,143,900	4,994,700	4,118,200
	183,079,500	177,902,300	172,758,400	97,671,800

IRON AND STEEL OUTPUT

	1922.	1922.	1922.	1921.
	Sept.,	Aug.,	July,	Sept.,
	tons.	tons.	tons.	tons.
Pig Iron	430,300	411,700	399,100	168,300
Yr. to date	3,389,600	2,959,300	2,547,600	1,828,500
Steel	555,900	520,800	473,100	429,300
Yr. to date	4,108,400	3,552,500	3,031,700	2,394,600

14 October 1922

PRICES OF COMMODITIES

METALS, MINERALS, ETC.

	Oct. 12, '22.	Oct. 5, '22.	Oct. 12, '21.
Gold, per fine oz.	93s. 0d.	93s. 1d.	106s. 8d.
Silver, per oz.	34½d.	35½d.	42½d.
Iron, Sc'h pig No. 1 ton	£5.0.0	£5.0.0	£6.10.0
Steel rails, heavy "	£8.15.0	£8.15.0	£12.10.0
Copper, Standard "	£62.3.9	£63.1.3	£69.7.6
Tin, Straits "	£166.6.3	£163.11.3	£155.17.6
Lead, soft foreign "	£25.2.6	£25.2.6	£23.10.0
Spelter "	£32.16.3	£33.0.0	£26.12.6
Coal, best Admiralty "	27s. 0d.	27s. 0d.	30s. 0d.

CHEMICALS AND OILS

Nitrate of Soda, per ton	£14.5.0	£14.5.0	£17.0.0
Indigo, Bengal per lb.	9s. 0d.	9s. 0d.	11s. 6d.
Linseed Oil, spot per ton	£39.0.0	£38.10.0	£29.10.0
Linseed, La Plata ton	£18.17.6	£18.0.0	£15.0.0
Palm Oil, Benin spot ton	£30.10.0	£31.0.0	£39.10.0
Petroleum, w. white gal.	1s. 3d.	1s. 3d.	1s. 5d.
Turpentine cwt.	107s. 0d.	102s. 9d.	67s. 6d.

FOOD

Flour, Country, straights ex mill 280 lb.	33s. 3d.	32s. 9d.	43s. 0d.
Wheat, English Gaz. Ave. per 480 lbs.	38s. 7d.	37s. 9d.	55s. 6d.
Wheat, No. 2 Red Winter N.Y. per bush.	133½ cents.	125½ cents.	126 cents.

TEXTILES, ETC.

Cotton, fully middling, American per lb.	13.07d.	12.51d.	13.81d.
Cotton, Egyptian, F.G.F. Sakel per lb.	17.40d.	17.15d.	27.50d.
Hemp, N.Z. spot, per ton	£32.10.0	£32.10.0	£42.10.0
Jute, first marks "	£33.5.0	£33.10.0	£31.10.0
Wool, Aust., Medium Greasy Merino lb.	19d.	19d.	16d.
La Plata, Av. Merino lb.	15d.	15d.	12d.
Lincoln Wethers lb.	8d.	8d.	7d.
Tops, 64's lb.	62d.	60d.	50d.
Rubber, Std. Crepe lb.	10d.	8½d.	9½d.
Leather, sole bends, 14-16lb. per lb.	2s. 4d.	2s. 4d.	2s. 9d.

OVERSEAS TRADE (in thousands)

	Sept. 1922.	Sept. 1921.	1922.	1921.
Imports	76,944	86,378	728,543	827,628
Exports	62,511	55,248	534,724	518,661
Re-exports	6,381	8,595	77,873	77,640
Balance of Imports	8,052	22,535	115,946	231,327
Expt. cotton gds. total	16,396	13,311	140,921	129,061
Do. piece gds. sq. yds.	395,824	265,386	3,068,278	1,866,341
Expt. woollen goods	4,594	3,685	43,964	42,951
Export coal value...	8,110	5,194	51,412	27,856
Do. quantity tons...	7,083	3,407	45,477	13,352
Export iron, steel...	4,630	4,082	44,699	47,883
Export machinery...	4,281	5,198	37,809	57,602
Tonnage entered...	3,704	3,400	31,697	27,499
" cleared ...	5,731	4,101	43,289	24,387

INDEX NUMBERS

	Sept. 1922.	Aug. 1922.	July 1922.	Sept. 1921.	July 1921.
United Kingdom—					
Wholesale (Economist).	1922.	1922.	1922.	1921.	1914.
Cereals and Meat	873½	880½	994½	1,119½	579
Other Food Products	682½	674	669	688	352
Textiles	1,116	1,123½	1,120	1,258	616½
Minerals	699	691½	712½	871	464½
Miscellaneous	818	887½	900	987½	553
Total	4,189	4,257	4,396	4,924	2,565
Retail (Ministry of Labour)—					
Food, Rent, Clothing, etc.	179	181	184	220	100
Germany—Wholesale (Frankfurter Zeitung)	1922.	1922.	1922.	1921.	1913.
All Commodities	2,891	1,393	914	160	9.23
United States—Wholesale (Bradstreet's)	1922.	1922.	1922.	1921.	1914.
All Commodities	12.0793	12.0688	12.1069	11.0668	8.7087

FREIGHTS

	Oct. 12, 1922.	Oct. 5, 1922.	Oct. 12, 1921.
From Cardiff to			
West Italy (coal)	12/0	12/0	12/6
Marseilles "	11/6	11/6	12/6
Port Said "	14/0	14/0	13/0
Bombay "	19/0	19/6	17/6
Islands "	11/6	11/0	11/3
B. Aires "	15/6	16/0	15/0
From			
Australia (wheat)	45/0	42/6	63/9
B. Aires (grain)	22/6	20/0	20/0
San Lorenzo "	25/0	25/0	21/8
N. America "	2/0	2/0	3/8
Bombay (general)	22/6	20/0	30/0
Alexandria (cotton-seed)	11/0	9/0	14/0

TRADE OF COUNTRIES (in millions)

COUNTRY.	Months.	Imports.	Exports.	Exports.
Belgium Fr.	3	2,031	1,334	697
Czechoslovakia Kr.	12†	22,435	27,312	+ 4,877
Denmark Kr.	5	580	440	120
Finland Mk.	8	2,413	2,809	+ 396
France Fr.	8	14,627	12,478	— 1,851
Germany Mk.	4	75,814	73,109	— 2,705
Greece Dr.	4	875	453	— 222
Holland Fl.	8	1,341	789	— 552
Italy Lire	3	3,534	2,055	— 1,479
Lithuania Mk.	6	1,077	705	— 372
Spain Pes.	12†	1,260	798	— 462
Sweden Kr.	7	610	536	— 74
Switzerland Fr.	6	853	877	— 24
Australia £	12*	101	128	+ 27
B. S. Africa £	6	25	27	+ 2
Brazil Mrs.	12†	1,690	1,710	+ 20
Canada \$	12†	728	752	+ 24
China Tls.	12†	906	601	— 305
Egypt £E	12†	56	42	— 14
Japan Yen.	8	1,373	1,023	— 350
New Zealand £	6	16	27	+ 11
United States \$	7	1,468	2,925	+ 1,457

*To June, '22.

†1921.

†To May, '22

SECURITY PRICES

BRIT. AND FOREIGN GOVT.

	Oct. 12, '22.	Oct. 5, '22.	Oct. 12, '21.
Consols	57½	56½	48½
War Loan 3½% ...	95	94½	88½
Do. 4½% ...	97	96½	82
Do. 5% ...	100½	100½	89½
Do. 4% ...	100½	100½	96½
Funding 4% ...	84½	84½	72½
Victory 4% ...	88½	88	76½
Local Loans 3% ...	63½	63½	53
Conversion 3½% ...	74½	73½	62½
Bank of England	230	229	183½
India 3½% ...	66½	66½	57½
Argentina (86) 5% ...	100	99½	94
Belgian 3% ...	68½	69	61½
Brazil (1914) 5% ...	67	66½	62
Chilian (1886) 4½% ...	90	90	80
Chinese 5% '96	93	91 x D	85
French 4% ...	30	30½	30
German 3% ...	1½	1	3½
Italian 3½% ...	22	20½	23
Japanese 4½% (1st)	105½	105½	110
Russian 5% ...	11	11	6

RAILWAYS

Great Central Pref.	23½	23½	8½
Great Eastern	36½	36	26½
Great Northern Pref. ...	65	64½	40
Great Western	102½	102½	65
Lond. Brighton Def.	61	61	37
London Chatham	9½	9½	5½
L. & N.W.	102½	102½	66½
L. & S.W. Def.	32½	33½	17½
Metropolitan	56	56½	24
Do. District ...	41½	41½	16½
Midland Def.	67½	67½	40
North Brit. Def.	17½	18	10
North Eastern	117½	117½	69
South Eastern Def.	35½	35½	20½
Underground "A"	7/10½	8/0	5/9
Antofagasta	70	66	41
B.A. Gt. Southern	78	76½	52
Do. Pacific	57½	57	34½
Canadian Pacific	166½	166	145½
Central Argentine	68	66	49
Grand Trunk	1½	1½	1½
Do. 3rd Pref. ...	1½	1½	4½
Leopoldina	34½	35	17½
San Paulo	115	114	99
United of Havana	63½	62½	47½

INDUSTRIALS, ETC.

Anglo-Persian 2nd Pref....	26/0	25/7½	22/0
Armstrongs	15/6	15/0	16/3
Brit.-Amer. Tobacco	87/0	87/6	61/3
Burmah Oil	5½	5½	5½
Coats	66/6	66/0	46/3
Courtaulds	54/6	55/8	33/0
Cunard	19/6	19/6	17/6
Dorman Long	18/0	16/9	15/9
Dunlop	8/7½	8/9	7/4½d.
Fine Spillers	41/3	41/6	33/9
Hudson Bay	7½	7½	5½
Imp. Tobacco	69/3	69/3	49/0
Linggi	27/0	25/6	23/9
Listers	26/0	26/0	15/6
Marconi	50/0	46/9	32/6
Mexican Eagle	2½	2 27/32	3½
P. & O. Def.	315	296	350
Royal Mail	88	87	84
Shell	4½	4½	4½
Vickers	11/7½	11/7½	10/9

¶ The SATURDAY REVIEW
is the only Weekly Review of
which the price was NOT raised
during the War.

¶ The more than doubled costs
of production are borne by the
proprietors alone.

¶ The only things which have
been raised are the quantity
and quality of the contents, and
the circulation.

NINE KING STREET,
COVENT GARDEN,
LONDON, - - W.C. 2